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THE
NATION

OCTOBER 30, 1972 *50 cents*

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SPIRO AGNEW

IS THIS OUR SPIRIT OF '76? **Robert Sherrill**

Mr. Nixon's Tax Mythology

Jerry J. Jasinowski

•

Swanberg / 'Luce and His Empire' **Peter Rowley**

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LETTERS

church and state

Silver Spring, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Joseph Ruskay's excellent "New Muzzle for Churchmen" [*The Nation*, Oct. 2] on IRS harassment of religious bodies incurring the displeasure of the Administration omitted two significant facts of the story: (*1*) Americans United for Separation of Church and State, though it carefully adhered to IRS guidelines for tax-exempt groups, had its exemptions removed in 1969 merely for taking a public position in defense of the Supreme Court's interpretation of the First Amendment; and (*2*) IRS has bothered the National Council of Churches and other groups while ignoring the quite extensive political efforts of the Roman Catholic Church to obtain government funding for parochial schools and to impose upon all citizens its particular views on birth control and abortion.

It would seem that the Administration wishes to reward religious groups it likes and punish those which disagree with it. This is an "excessive entanglement" of government and religion of the sort the Supreme Court found unconstitutional in 1971 in *Lemon* v. *Kurtzman*.

Edd Doerr, Director of Educational Relations, Americans United for Separation of Church and State

vote 'no' on Portugal

Oakland, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: I have just been informed by a contact on the U.N. Decolonization Committee that Amilcar Cabral, leader of the African Independence Party of Guinea and the Cape Verde Islands (PAIGC) is expected in New York this month. As a long-time observer of West Africa, Guinea in particular, I feel this visit will be important to the liberation of Guinea from Portugal. At present, according to U.N. observers, two-thirds to three-fourths of Guinea is controlled by the PAIGC, and the Portuguese presence is reduced to armed fortresses around the cities. The Portuguese are afraid to let go of Guinea because they have their own domino theory, which is that if Guinea is liberated, then the other colonies (Angola and Mozambique) will soon follow.

In view of President Nixon's $436 million aid to Portugal, signed by Executive order (by-passing Congressional approval) earlier this year . . . and the contrasting rather militant pro-African liberation stand, which was included (thanks mainly to the efforts of Rep. Charles Diggs) in the Democratic Party's platform, Guinea is a significant issue in the coming election. . . .

Robert Manning

Albert Einstein

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The review of Mr. J. R. Ravetz's *Scientific Knowledge and Its Social Problems* by Mr. Theodore Roszak [*The Nation*, Mar. 27] was brought to our attention long after publication. We noted that your reviewer deals in the first few paragraphs of the review with Albert Einstein and the work which he did for the U.S. Navy Department during World War II.

Whatever contribution Einstein may have felt it his duty to make to the scientific research of the Navy during the war against Hitler—and we doubt that Mr. Roszak is in a position to evaluate it—we most strongly object to Mr. Roszak's characterization of Einstein by saying that he "traveled the downward path from pure science to bomb physics in a swift, unbroken progression"; that he "uniquely embodies . . . superlative innocence and potentially genocidal violence"; and finally that "the mushroom cloud gathers like a lurid nimbus about that saintly, sadly gentle face with which Einstein, too ironically, was gifted."

Otto Nathan, Trustee
The Estate of Albert Einstein

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Nixon vs. the GOP

The other day I received a letter from Maurice H. Stans, the President's bagman, saying that CREEP is in "desperate need" of funds and promising me a bronze 1972 Presidential Campaign Medal if I would kick in with $15 or more. The medal would be "a unique and priceless keepsake." It would indeed—a reminder of the 1972 campaign in which an incumbent Republican President raised a war chest of $45 million which he refused to share with other Republican nominees. Herbert Klein has been quite explicit: "The number-one consideration is the Presidential race." As to other Republican nominees, they are "a secondary consideration, but not a forgotten one." These other nominees are being told that "the coattail effect" of a big win for Nixon will sweep them into office. But a recent Harris poll indicates that voters, by a 57-to-36 margin, feel that it is a good idea to have a President of one party and a Congress of the other, and field reports indicate that the Democrats will retain control of both the House and Senate.

But there is another side to the President's coldhearted attitude toward his party and its nominees. The candidates about whose re-election he cares most are Democrats—specifically, Senators Eastland, Sparkman and McClellan. Gil Carmichael, the GOP nominee in Mississippi, is justly indignant at the way he has been ostracized. Even Agnew ignores him. In Alabama, Winton ("Red") Blount has been given the bum's rush by his "friend" in the White House, who fears that if Senator Sparkman should be defeated and the Democrats control the Senate, Senator Proxmire would become chairman of the Banking, Housing and Urban Affairs Committee. In Texas, Senator Tower, "a short man in a tall state," has been fortunate enough to be photographed with the President, but an explicit endorsement has not been forthcoming—Lyndon Johnson and John Connally wouldn't like it. Nixon's Southern strategy involves him in situations in which he must show a preference for certain Democrats and that in turn should help the Democrats retain control of the House and Senate.

The prospect does not disturb the President; on the contrary, he is pleased by it. "Our columnists," Rep. Clarence Long (D., Md.) explained to his colleagues on October 10, are "claiming to be puzzled as to why President Nixon is not fighting hard to get a Republican Congress. Why should he? He gets what he wants from this one. We have a compliant Republican minority. We have an obliging chairman or two on the Democratic side. And the President has been able to outmaneuver us by arranging a token veto now and then of a popular program. After shooting the works on handouts to corporations and corrupt foreign governments, he waits until we get a really good program such as railroad retirement or the education bill, and he vetoes that, knowing that if we are going to do a responsible job, we have to overturn it. Then he can claim that Congress is overspending. Why should the President want a Republican Congress? He is getting what

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he wants with this one and he has the added advantage that he can blame it all on the Democrats." The most recent illustration of the Nixon technique is his veto of the Water Pollution Control Bill which was strongly recommended to him by William D. Ruckelshaus, his appointee as administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency. Congress has now overridden the veto and will be blamed for adding $24 billion to the budget, and Nixon, in one sly way or another, will claim credit for the measure with its proponents, as he did in the case of the railroad retirement measure.

It was predictable that, sooner or later, the President would emerge from his various retreats and say a few words not to the press, which he continues to avoid as he would the plague, but to the electorate. He could not resist the temptation to appear before the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, a splendid audience since its members have been supporting his policies. Kissinger had been scheduled to address the group but the President decided to substitute for him. Whenever tension builds up in the President, he becomes highly emotional and lashes out at the opposition as he did on this occasion. These outbursts are to be encouraged; they reveal the real Nixon. On this occasion, encouraged by the response of his captive audience, the President went on a 1962 California-style binge, denouncing opinion leaders, the media, presidents of universities, professors, certain business leaders and, in brief, all those who did not agree with his decision last May to counter "the massive Communist invasion" of South Vietnam. Predictably he praised himself effusively, called attention to his "courage," and, in general, gave a splendid performance as the Old Nixon. Let's hope he makes more such appearances.

CREEP has now been charged with large-scale political sabotage, as well as espionage. The most recent disclosures —in *Time* and *The Washington Post*—have to do with what might be called "the Segretti connection." The cast of characters is from fraternity row at the University of Southern California and includes Ziegler, Chapin, Strachan and Segretti. Out across the country, eight individuals have told *The New York Times* that Segretti attempted to recruit them for a variety of undercover activities. *Time* reports that Segretti was paid $35,000 for his work and that Justice Department files show the money originated with CREEP and was funneled to Segretti by Herbert W. Kalmbach, who has often represented the President in his "private" affairs.

The new sabotage charges are, if anything, more serious than the wiretapping and bugging that went on at Watergate. They provide a vivid insight into what Martha Mitchell must have had in mind when she sounded off about "dirty tricks." Widespread, heavily financed sabotage can make a shambles of any political campaign; there is almost no way to guard against it. Yet Administration spokesmen would have the public believe that most of these acts of sabotage were of the "awfully funny" fraternity-row variety, a form of college humor, USC style. As a former staff member of the "college humor" magazine at USC, I resent the implication. Our "humor" may have been pretty crude, but it was never venal. Segretti is said to have told one of the men he attempted to recruit that

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1972 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 215
No. 13

The Sherrod Library
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Johnson City, Tennessee
OCT 30 '72

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"a lot of laughs" were involved in some of the antics being planned. Whoever it was who had $300 worth of liquor, a $50 floral arrangement, a truckload of cakes and 200 steaming pizza pies delivered to a Muskie fund-raising function at the Washington Hilton, all sent COD and none ordered by Muskie or his staff, must have thought that this was a screamingly funny caper.

More significant than the implications of the sabotage disclosures has been the Administration's response to them. For example, Ron Ziegler, "tense and emotional" like his boss when on the defensive, tried to brush them off as "hearsay" and "innuendo." Clark MacGregor, who now directs CREEP, read a curt statement at a press conference and then brushed past reporters and newsmen, refusing to answer any questions. Neither Ziegler nor MacGregor made explicit denials of the charges; they merely refused to discuss them. Kalmbach and Chapin were neither accessible nor loquacious. Obviously the Administration intends to maintain a stony silence and ride out the storm. The tactic has worked fairly well on the espionage charges; the Watergate case has now been set down for trial on November 15. In both the espionage and sabotage disclosures, all trails lead directly to the President's top advisers and confidants and through them to him. Under the circumstances, as Tom Wicker has pointed out in *The New York Times,* "the spectacle of Richard Nixon piously pledging to 'halt the erosion of moral fiber in American life and the denial of individual accountability for individual action,' is obscene."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

News Blackout

The International Commission of Enquiry into U.S. Crimes in Indochina held its third session from October 10 to 16 in Copenhagen. It was major news all over Europe. In the United States, the subject of the enquiry, there was an almost total news blackout. Former Sen. Ernest Gruening, editorial associate of *The Nation*, himself telephoned from Copenhagen to A. M. Rosenthal, managing editor of *The New York Times*, to request coverage. Mr. Gruening reports that he was told the *Times* would "consider" it.

When the commission learned that the American news media were carrying little or nothing about the enquiry, which was focused on American mass bombing, it decided to send a delegation to hold a press conference in New York. It was held on October 16, the closing day of the enquiry in Copenhagen. The participants included a number of well-known American anti-war activists, among them Senator Gruening, Prof. Robert Jay Lifton of Yale and Anthony Russo, co-defendant with Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers case. Rep. Herman Badillo was there and three foreigners: Derek Roebuck, an Australian law school dean; Thich Thieu Chau, director of the Vietnam Overseas Buddhist Assn., and Frode Jakobsen, a member of the Danish Parliament and former delegate to the U.N., who was a member of the commission's investigating team in North Vietnam that included Ramsey Clark.

A few journalists from major news organizations attended the conference, including a reporter from the *Times*. But the following day the paper carried neither a story on the conference nor on the closing of the commission's enquiry in Copenhagen. One can understand that any responsible news organization would be wary of an *ad hoc* war crimes commission, but this one is headed by a world-recognized social scientist, Gunnar Myrdal, and includes two Nobel Prize laureates from the West and scores of well-known, reputable parliamentarians, scholars, lawyers and journalists, all but a few from countries closely tied to the United States.

At the press conference an entirely proper question was asked of the panel: in effect, what procedures were followed at the Copenhagen enquiry to insure that it was fair? Derek Roebuck replied that the procedures of a common law court were followed scrupulously and that he would stake his reputation as a lawyer on the fairness of the enquiry.

As to what the commission learned, no one will be surprised. It heard witnesses from both halves of Vietnam, from Cambodia and Laos, from the international team of investigators and from Americans who had served with U.S. forces in Indochina that the bombing was of such magnitude and so indiscriminate in its effect that it constituted nothing less than genocide. Also, dikes were being bombed when there were no conceivable military targets nearby. And Frode Jakobsen told the press conference that, while he was not sure he could agree with the North Vietnamese that American pilots deliberately chose hospitals as targets, he was convinced from his visit that they made no genuine attempt to avoid them. But the North Vietnamese were so convinced that they were removing the red crosses from hospital roofs.

If the mass media had been doing their job, they would have passed on to the public the commission's information that the RAND Corporation has quietly declassified some 60,000 pages of testimony, based on interviews in South Vietnam. Available from the U.S. Department of Commerce, National Technical Information Service, Springfield, Va., 22151, this testimony, according to Mr. Russo, makes the kind of reading that President Nixon would not approve of, especially just before the election.

RICHARD J. WALTON

'Blood Bath'

The Asian scholars at Cornell University who put together the report on the "Air War in Indochina" last year have come up with a new study destined to stir controversy, not so much in the Pentagon as in the Metternichian corners of the White House and State Department. Titled *The Myth of the Bloodbath: North Vietnam's Land Reform Reconsidered*, it will be published later in the fall by Cornell's International Relations of East Asia Project.

The so-called blood-bath theory—that the North Vietnamese liquidated opponents of their land reform program in the 1950s and will be bloodthirsty again unless the United States keeps up military pressure to gain favorable terms for the Thieu government—is a point of contention between President Nixon and Senator McGovern.

Mr. Nixon turned theory into assertion at a news con-

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ference during the summer when he said that "a minimum of 500,000 were murdered and assassinated" in North Vietnam and "at least another half-million died in slave labor camps" during "their so-called land reform" from 1954 to 1956. Further, he said that "at least one million" were "marked for assassination" if a Communist government ruled South Vietnam.

The Cornell study knocks down Mr. Nixon's figures and predictions, which are so basic to the American position in the Paris negotiations as well as in explanations to the electorate here. The author of the study, D. Gareth Porter, has lived and worked in Vietnam and speaks Vietnamese and French. His sources include Democratic Republic of Vietnam documents, such Vietnamese publications as the Lao Dong party's official organ, *Nhan Dan* (*The People*), and Saigon and Washington statements and reports. Several of Cornell's most distinguished Asian scholars—Profs. Benedict Anderson, George McT. Kahin and David Mozingo—provided expertise and background for *The Myth of the Bloodbath.*

These are the main findings and conclusions of the 59-page Cornell study:

¶American presence in Vietnam has been justified by portraying Hanoi's leaders as ideological fanatics who would execute former foes if allowed to gain power in the South. This is based on allegations concerning North Vietnam's land reform program from 1953 to 1956, when supposedly hundreds of thousands of innocents were killed. The study says these claims are fiction because they derive from propaganda, careless scholarship and avoidance of original documents. One individual in particular is accused of misusing evidence, twisting translations and selling the blood-bath theory—Hoang Van Chi, a former North Vietnamese landlord who worked for the South Vietnamese Ministry of Information, then was subsidized by the Central Intelligence Agency, the United States Information Agency, and now is a course chairman at the State Department's Washington Training Center in Virginia.

¶The portrayal of land reform as a plan to liquidate landlords misrepresents the policies of the Hanoi government. None of the allegations is supported by documents. Instead of mass terror and murder, the land reform program emerges as a planned, comparatively moderate social-economic transformation in response to real grievances and inequities in prerevolutionary Vietnamese society. Rather than indicating the deliberate killing of hundreds of thousands, the broader body of data evaluated in the study concludes that probably no more than 2,500 landlords were actually sentenced to death.

"The 2,500 figure, even if closer to the truth, clothes no regime, capitalist or Communist, in moral rectitude," says Professor Mozingo, director of the Cornell East Asia project. "But it is a far cry from the wild and extreme propaganda put forth by agencies in Saigon and Washington which seek to create in the minds of the American public an image of the North Vietnamese as ruthless, doctrinaire men. . . . The myth is crucial ammunition for the Nixon Administration's rationale that Washington's terms for keeping the Thieu regime in power are the only reasonable, humane bases for settlement."

¶President Nixon has escalated his own rhetoric by multiplying the number of blood-bath deaths as required to rationalize American policy. In 1969, he used journalist Bernard Fall's figure of 50,000 deaths. In 1971, he talked of 500,000 deaths. In 1972, he doubled it to 1 million (adding 500,000 assassinations to 500,000 slave-labor camp deaths). The Cornell researchers found that the National Security Council was unable to explain how the President had arrived at his latest total.

Neither the Administration nor the Cornell study can explain President Nixon's projection of the million marked for assassination in South Vietnam. Obviously, it is a guess that cannot be supported or refuted. What is clear is that the blood-bath theory is very much part of the American election differences and Paris talks.

HERBERT MITGANG

The Great Hacienda Mystery

It has frequently been observed that Richard M. Nixon is an extraordinarily private man. But for the connotations, one might say secretive. At the same time, Mr. Nixon seems almost to invite inquiry into his more or less private affairs, in particular those involving money. Currently, we have the San Clemente puzzle, discussed by Wallace Turner (*The New York Times*, October 15) in a long article that nevertheless raised more questions than it answered.

As press and TV continually remind us, the incumbent President moves among three White Houses—the historical one in Washington, the Florida or Southern White House, and the Western White House. In the first, like any other President, Mr. Nixon is only a tenant at the pleasure of the electorate. The other two he owns, although considerable government expense is involved in making them safe for him to occupy. Thus, at the San Clemente place, the General Services Administration has spent more than $60,000 in tax money to build a stucco wall around the land and to construct gazebos and a gatehouse. The federal government also pays a gardener to maintain the grounds.

In his May 12, 1969 statement Mr. Nixon listed his real estate holdings as worth $365,400, subject to liabilities of $25,500. But that was before he took over the San Clemente property, on which he splurged to a greater extent than heretofore. Including land and buildings, it is a $1.4 million estate. In Mr. Nixon's itemization of September 16, 1972, reflecting his net worth as of June 30, he valued his Florida and California holdings at $809,747, subject to mortgages and trust deed obligations of $518,038.

The discrepancy between the $1.4 million purchase price and the evidently much smaller figure cited by the President for his San Clemente holdings may be due to confusion about how much land he owns. On May 12, 1969, before the transaction was closed, John D. Ehrlichman told reporters that Mr. Nixon was acquiring only the house and about 5 acres of the total 22 acres. Nobody seems willing to disclose what has happened in regard to the other 17 acres, which in a neighborhood like this, with ocean frontage, etc., are certainly worth far more than the house and its encompassing 5 acres. The previous owners say they are "out of it" and Mr. Turner was told

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over the telephone that the status of the property was "other people's business and not yours or anybody else's." That would be true if only private parties were involved, but since the President discloses his net worth, and the San Clemente property is part of that, it is very much a reporter's business to find out who owns what.

But all is confusion on that point. Current title to the whole property is vested in a "corporation deed of trust" filed by Title Insurance and Trust Company on July 15, 1969. This would indicate that the property has been put up as security for a loan. The loan appears to be a $1 million promissory note, but who is the borrower, and who the lender? The role of the title insurance concern appears to be that of dummy owner.

It is becoming ever more difficult to get Mr. Nixon and his numerous friends, colleagues and associates to level about anything. What is the purpose—particularly in this case? Real estate transactions cannot be indefinitely hidden. To use one of his favorite phrases, the President should make "perfectly clear" *now*—not after November 7—all the facts with respect to the ownership, control and operation of his Western White House.

SPIRO AGNEW

IS THIS OUR SPIRIT OF '76?

ROBERT SHERRILL

"Sometimes you feel like a three-pound hen trying to lay a four-pound egg."—*Spiro Agnew, March 15, 1969*

Washington

A couple of years ago the United States Information Agency issued a propaganda film intended to show the romance and heroism of Vice President Spiro Agnew. USIA films can be distributed only in foreign lands, which is a pity, for this film had a profound message, and the place to deliver it was here at home.

Since most readers cannot see the film (only newsmen and politicians are permitted domestic screenings of USIA films), I offer a summary. And please remember as I do so that USIA film makers, an extremely talented group of fellows when it comes to making silk purses out of sows' ears, had worked more than a year and had spent an estimated $50,000 in an attempt to put together something exciting:

A covey of uniformed men is shown climbing aboard a big jet. [We'll see much, *much* more of that jet before we're through.] Whine of the jet. Voice off screen: "His father came to this country as an immigrant from Greece. His mother was born in this country. His name—Spiro Agnew!"

Now we see Agnew coming off the plane and we get the title in big yellow letters: AGNEW—*Narrated by John Wayne*. Wayne informs us that Agnew is on his way to visit eleven Asian nations on a 37,000-mile trip, "A journey of friendship. One man representing more than 200 million people. A journey across a world and back, but for Spiro Agnew it is all part of a longer and still continuing journey, one that in a few short years has brought him from a comparative stranger to the majority of his fellow countrymen to the man who now stands at the side of the President of the United States of America."

Agnew is shown telephoning in the plane's cabin.

Wayne: "Where does the journey of a man's life properly begin? In his boyhood, in Maryland, his home state. Through the eyes of young Spiro Agnew it was a world in which imagination could become reality. All was possible."

A still photograph of young Agnew is flashed on screen.

Then more shots of the plane, landing and taxiing. Agnew gets off plane, Filipino crowd cheers, somebody puts a lei around his neck. Scene moves to military graveyard where Agnew places wreath on tomb. Crowd cheers.

Wayne: "Never before has a Vice President played such an important part in foreign policy."

Another picture of the Vice Presidential plane with Agnew reviewing troops in background. Wayne says that Agnew "appeals to any crowd." One sign in this crowd spells it "Spero." While Wayne recounts Agnew's regard for civil rights and education, we see pictures of water buffaloes, then another shot of the plane.

Into the new USIA color footage is spliced some old, brown, cracked film showing Agnew taking the oath of office as Governor of Maryland in 1966. Then we are brought back to Asia to the sound of a gong and a picture of a Buddhist shrine. The Vice Presidential plane is in the background. Agnew climbs aboard again.

Wayne makes an indirect allusion to the race riots of Agnew's term as Governor, and of how Agnew had suppressed the black militants.

Wayne: "The country knew of him now—a man who spoke his mind. . . . In July of 1968, the greatest challenge of all."

Scene inside GOP convention hall. Nixon and Agnew embracing, balloons falling from ceiling. Crowd cheers. Next scene, Agnew being sworn in as Vice President.

Wayne: "He's chairman of the Aeronautics and Space Administration." Scene moves to Cape Kennedy blast-off site. Agnew puts on hard hat. Another picture of the V.P. plane, close up. Agnew steps inside the plane.

Wayne: "Sometimes the voice of controversy, praised by some, denounced by others. But on one point there is agreement, he is still the man who speaks his mind." Now we get a couple of rostrum shots as Agnew briefly scolds students and the press. The airplane is in the background again.

Wayne: "Thirty-seven thousand miles. But most of the continuing journey remains." Now the plane is right up next to the audience, overflowing the screen. Now it is on the ground, being wheeled quietly into a giant hangar.

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Wayne: ". . . constant process of renewal, of having been given, to give back. The challenge awaits the man." Dramatic swelling of music. End.

I had started watching the movie alone, but halfway through, a couple of men—"squares" by their appearance, and very much of Agnew's silent majority—had slipped into the viewing room and sat behind me. At Wayne's last remark, one of them asked the other, "Now, what the hell did that mean?"

It wasn't a smart-alecky response. Anyone of normal intelligence would have difficulty figuring out what that, or any other, portion of the movie was supposed to mean. It was an incredibly dull, shallow, lifeless movie about a man who, in middle age, could claim nothing but that he had arrived where he was by a weird series of lucky breaks. A USIA film, needless to say, is not meant to be a definitive biography; still, to be effective propaganda, it must make it appear that something in a man's life was worth recording. Bruce Herschensohn, who was running the USIA film division at the time, told me that it was "a tough one. The material from stock shots was just awful. Nothing existed on the guy. Didn't anyone take any pictures of him when he was Governor? There was nothing available." Herschensohn's crew had asked Agnew to let them take some pictures of him playing tennis or golf, or puttering around the house, but he had not wanted to do anything "stagy," he said, so they were left with a blank until he took his trip to Asia.

And yet in a way, it was a perfect film. Agnew comes through exactly as he is and as his talents are: he shakes hands, he says what is scripted for one who is playing his role, he shows the expected amount of emotion, he pats children, he takes junkets, he knows how to review troops and how to get on and off a plane. No more.

For there is no more to him. Or very little. Or what else there is remains to be discovered. After four years of him, most Americans apparently have trouble making this obvious appraisal; perhaps because it seems almost unpatriotic—or at least cynical—to acknowledge that the country's second highest politician is simply a crass, ordinary mortal of limited talents and character; not an entertaining buffoon, as the press attempted to portray him for the first couple of years, and not a dangerous schemer, or at least not yet dangerous in his own right, as the timorous beasties of the broadcasting industry have tried to make him seem. Agnew is just an extraordinarily definable example of the kind of hack who now and then drifts to the top of the muck in American politics.

Vanity has long since blinded him to his real condition, but when he first came on the national scene he still seemed to retain some awareness of his scantiness. Shortly after getting the Vice Presidential nomination in 1968 he said, "My public image isn't the greatest thing I've ever seen." Looking back over his life one must concede sympathetically that he had little to work with.

Agnew was an average student at Forest Park High School in Baltimore: average grades, odd jobs after school, sandlot athletic life. His former classmates and teachers remember him as a pleasant, quiet, ordinary kid. His father, from all reports, was a strict disciplinarian, but not abusive. A native of Greece, he was 40 when Agnew was born; this, plus the fact that he had had to hump it during the depression, left him little time to spend with his sons, and perhaps not as much patience with them as he might otherwise have had. When Spiro began making poor grades at Johns Hopkins University (majoring in chemistry, but not much interested in it), the father suggested that he drop out and stop being a financial burden. He did.

Agnew's first full-time job was the kind of drudgery typical of "first" jobs: he clerked in the sprinkler-leakage department of an insurance company for $11 a week. He also started taking courses at the University of Baltimore Law School. The school had no national accreditation and survived on the very fringe of acceptability in the legal profession.

After serving in World War II with some distinction (he came out with a Bronze Star), Agnew finished law school. His first attempt at private practice was a failure. He worked briefly as an insurance adjuster and then tried law again. Again he failed.

Next, he went to work as an assistant personnel manager for a Baltimore supermarket chain, but that dreary venture as a junior executive was interrupted when the Army called him back for a year's duty during the Korean War —service which, considering that by then Agnew had a wife and three kids, made him understandably bitter.

The bitterness was not relieved when he returned to a supermarket job which Jules Witcover describes in *White Knight: The Rise of Spiro Agnew,* as "a kind of glorified store detective-judge, to whom suspected shoplifters—usually caught with the goods—were brought to be 'broken down,' and sentenced to out-of-court restitution." Most of the store's customers were black. Agnew is said to have got on well with the other employees, for whom he sometimes acted as a contract negotiator. Having sided with a worker once too often in a labor dispute, Agnew was fired; but from his good relationship with the employees he picked up some minor labor negotiating work when he went back to practicing law.

In the early 1950s Agnew, sprouting political ambitions of a modest sort, switched to the Republican Party on the advice of a more experienced friend, who pointed out that the Democratic byways were already glutted with ambitious young men. Parlaying PTA and Kiwanis and other neighborly connections, Agnew became chairman of a zoning appeals board. Then, profiting from an intra-party feud among Democrats, Agnew won election as Baltimore County executive—a post whose jurisdiction, however, excluded the most important urban center in the county, Baltimore itself. It was a fluke victory, which Agnew knew no Republican could repeat in a county dominated by Democrats. So, instead of lingering around to be voted out of office, Agnew ran for governor.

Once again the Democrats threw away victory and he picked it up. Moderates and liberals split their primary votes in such a way that the most conservative and most unappealing Democrat, George P. Mahoney, a demagogue who was always running for some office and losing, this time took the Democratic nomination.

That was 1966. Mahoney's campaign slogan was "A Man's Home Is His Castle—Protect It." With the nation and Maryland just beginning to show signs of making it through the civil rights maze, many Democrats refused to vote for a candidate going in the opposite direction.

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They threw their votes to Agnew, who was playing it cool on the race issue and was damning Mahoney as a Kluxer. Agnew squeaked into the governorship by 81,775 votes, something he could never have done without the support of liberal Democrats in general, and Baltimore black Democrats in particular.

Witcover likens Agnew's governorship to Eisenhower's Presidency. He was strictly a 9-to-5 executive, with weekends free and two afternoons during the week for golf. He depended on Marvin Mandel, then Speaker of the Maryland House (now Governor), much as Eisenhower had depended on Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, for most of the legislative accomplishments of his term.

Also like Ike, Agnew helped business cronies without being overtly crooked. Businessmen used his office almost as a lounge. His closest advisers and friends were businessmen. Though there were many rumors of under-the-table deals between Agnew and his moneyed pals, nothing has been proven. When he was county executive he had bought land with eight businessmen, some of whom had done abundant business with the county and whom he should have held at arm's length to avoid any appearance of impropriety. Apparently fearing that this land relationship would be uncovered when he ran for governor, he sold out to his business partners.

A smudge on his record as Governor was the selling of 176 acres of Maryland's wetlands to a developer for $100 an acre, despite recommendations from the State Board of Natural Resources, the Department of Inland Game and Fish, the Department of Water Resources, and the staff of the Board of Public Works that the land not be sold. The developer subdivided the land into lots selling for up to $7,300 each, or about $90,000 an acre.

With the kind of unfathomable ego that little politicians possess, Agnew always viewed himself as a kingmaker. In 1963 he cast his benign gaze upon Sen. Thomas Kuchel of California, a rather liberal and decent lightweight, and decided that he would make a good President. Agnew traveled to Washington to tell the Senator so. But 1964 was to be Goldwater's year, and just about nobody but Agnew was even considering Kuchel.

The kingmaking itch began to afflict Agnew again in 1967, and this time his hand reached out for Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, of whom Agnew said, "I feel a tremendous sense of need to have a candidate of the Rockefeller type." Rockefeller repeatedly tried to get Agnew to stop daydreaming, but Agnew insisted. On March 21, 1968, when Rockefeller was to go on TV to announce his "irrevocable" decision, Agnew was still so certain that he had persuaded Rockefeller to run that he gathered favored Maryland politicians and newsmen around him and switched on the set. When Rocky came on and announced that he wouldn't actively campaign, one reporter said, "Spiro's jaw just sagged."

The popular interpretation of what then occurred is that, because Rockefeller had made his negative decision without privately informing his champion, Agnew felt himself so humiliated that he quit the "liberal" wing of the party from spite. One is to see here the bitter transformation of a rejected suitor. The events of the next few weeks are supposed to fit into that picture. Black students at Bowie State College, who were trying to get the rickety, unpainted school fixed up a bit, staged a peaceful demonstration. Then, after Martin Luther King's assassination, Baltimore had a humdinger of a race riot.

Agnew reacted excessively to both events. His troopers arrested hundreds of the students and locked them out of their dormitories. And after the post-assassination riots, Agnew called in 100 or so black leaders—all moderates—and raised hell with them because they had seemed to sympathize with some of the militants. He lectured them in the pious style that was later to become nationally famous.

And he made sure that the network TV cameramen were on hand for his debut in unabashed bigotry. A little earlier he had told newsmen privately, "I've tried to be liberal, but at some point you have to stop leading the people and start following them." This was his first public display of what he meant.

Some observers saw it as a change of heart; some saw it simply as a change of candidates. If he couldn't ride Rocky's coattails, he would ride Nixon's. Clarence Mitchell thinks that's what the confrontation was all about. "It was calculated to create a conservative image for political purposes," says Mitchell. "After Rockefeller insulted him, I believe Agnew decided he had to cast his lot with the conservatives." Apparently the shift turned the trick. After the 1968 convention, one of Nixon's top aides admitted that "most of us didn't know anything about him except that he had chewed out some blacks."

Actually his realignment was something less than abrupt. Agnew had never been more than mildly tolerant of black demands for equal treatment. As Baltimore County executive, he had made lukewarm efforts to get negotiations started for the integration of six swimming pools; but when the blacks complained that he was moving entirely too slowly, Agnew became sullen and stopped negotiating altogether.

Nothing he had said or done prior to getting the Vice Presidential nomination was, in fact, at much variance with what he said thereafter: "You don't learn from people suffering from poverty, but from experts who have studied the problem." "I do not believe that demonstrations, lawful or unlawful, merit even my silence." "I think the civil rights revolution went too far the day the revolution started." "I never would have allowed the poverty marchers to camp in Resurrection City. I would have used the steps taken in Chicago to rout them from public ground." "It is not evil conditions that cause riots, but evil men." The only concessions he would make were along the line of his statement on September 21, 1968, "Senator Thurmond hasn't been as interested in achieving some aims of the black community as civil rights leaders."

The important lesson to learn from his abuse of the black leaders after the Baltimore riots is that Agnew overreacts in a crisis. Oddly enough, President Nixon has said on a number of occasions that what he likes best about his Vice President is that "when it gets down to the final tough decision, he is, from my evaluation, always cool and poised, and is one who therefore could be expected to make decisions in the future in a calm, cool, judicial way."

Agnew is anything but cool under fire, nor is he cool

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Oliphant, Denver Post

in a situation where his ego is in jeopardy. Jerry Tallmer, writing a six-part profile of the Vice President for the *New York Post* in 1970, talked to a Baltimore attorney who had known Agnew for twenty years. He said, "If everything's going nicely, he's fine. The minute somebody disappoints him, he acts badly. When he says he hasn't changed, he hasn't changed. That speech where he bawled out the moderate Negroes here, after the riots —that was Agnew, pure Agnew. They disappointed him." Regarding Agnew's tantrum after the Bowie State College demonstration, a Maryland reporter told Tallmer, "It's the one thing he can't stand, a threat to his authority. It's happened over and over again, but that was the first time the people of Maryland noticed it."

However, Agnew is too canny to lose his temper except when he feels he's got the upper hand. When he was a lowly county executive, he almost slavishly followed the editorial lead of the *Baltimore Sun*. When the *Sun* recommended action, he obeyed; when it criticized, he pulled his forelock. But no sooner was he Vice President than Agnew gave it back to the *Sun* in full measure; when it criticized him, he responded by refusing to allow *Sun* reporters to travel with him.

Agnew is something of a bully. When he has the advantage, he sounds off like a benign dictator. To critics of "the Establishment," he said in 1968, "You may give us your symptoms. We will make the diagnosis. And we, the Establishment—for which I make no apologies for being part of—will implement the cure."

But when he runs into a bloc that is too powerful for him to budge, he becomes sullen and quits gracelessly. For a long time the press was to him that kind of bloc. In 1968 he made a number of bloopers on the campaign trail—the "fat Jap" and "Polack" miscues; the remark that "when you've seen one slum you've seen them all"; the complaint that Chief Justice Warren's failure stemmed not from his "ability as a lawyer or as a judge but his sensibility as a Republican appointee"; the profundity of such insights as "Youth lacks, to some extent, experience"; his description of Hubert Humphrey one day as "soft on inflation, soft on communism and soft on law and order," and three days later changing that to "Hubert Humphrey is a loyal American and a man of great integrity"; his judgment that the United States "is the greatest nation in the country"—which the press gave the full treatment, so full in fact, that for a time Nixon's advisers played "Hide the Veep." He was an embarrassment. The experiences of 1968 left him totally burned, and for many months after becoming Vice President he refused to give interviews. Then, finally, thinking he was submitting himself to a friend, he gave a *Fortune* magazine reporter a two-hour interview. Of that, *Fortune* used one small quote. Furious, Agnew once again retreated into his shell.

The Senate has been another bloc Agnew couldn't lick, and from which he consequently retreated sullenly. When he became Vice President—the first man in twenty-four years to reach that office without experience in Congress—he presided over the Senate with an enthusiasm that had not been seen in that chair for a long time. The very fact that he presided was a novelty; most Vice Presidents avoid the chore. Once Sen. Alan Cranston of California, having just stepped down after spelling Agnew at the gavel for an hour, confided: "Presiding over the Senate takes absolutely no skill at all. Some people try to build up the job, but there's nothing to it. You'd

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have to be a fool to make a mistake. You don't have to know what's going on. You just take the advice of the parliamentarian."

Not realizing the low repute of the job, Agnew pitched into it with a will. But then he became cocky and overreached himself; he began lobbying for the Administration on specific bills. Senators began cutting him cold. Sen. Len Jordan of his own party announced publicly that he would automatically vote against any bill that Agnew lobbied for. This, known as "the Jordan Rule," was applauded by his colleagues. One puncture and Agnew was deflated. After that, he was seldom seen around the Senate. "The pattern worries some Republicans," a Capitol Hill reporter noted at the time, "since it has occurred before: Agnew has a tendency to give up and turn away when rebuffed."

Like other Vice Presidents before him, Agnew quickly became disenchanted and frustrated from serving as chairman of such nitwit outfits as the President's Council on Physical Fitness. He wanted action, and was only too happy to serve as the President's traveling stooge. He became, as wags of 1969 liked to put it, "Nixon's Nixon." It was the good-cop/bad-cop routine. Nixon maintained a bland rhetoric in the White House, only occasionally slipping, as when he called campus protesters "bums"; Agnew rolled across the countryside pursuing a scorched-earth policy. He called for "positive polarization." Of anti-war protesters he said, "It is time to sweep that kind of garbage out of our society . . . to separate them from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." He scoffed at "the agonizing of a police officer who couldn't bring himself to kill a looter over a pair of shoes," calling this "insidious relativism." He charged that the leaders of the October 15, 1969, Moratorium were "hard-core dissidents and professional anarchists." We were being victimized by the Constitution, he implied, for "democracy's greatest flaw rests in its intransigent commitment to individual freedom." And always he was poised to lasso the hearts of the right wing with such tangled rhetoric as, "Abetting the merchants of hate are the parasites of passion, the ideological eunuchs whose most comfortable position is straddling the philosophical fence." By "throwing my audiences a little red meat," Agnew became for a while the most sought-after speaker on the GOP circuit.

His popularity crested with an attack on the press, especially the television press, in a speech before a regional meeting of the Midwest Republican Committee in Des Moines in November 1969, when he charged that the newscasters and commentators were oriented to the parochialism of Washington and New York and that "it's time we questioned [such power] in the hands of a small and unelected elite. The great networks have dominated America's airwaves for decades. The people are entitled to a full accounting of their stewardship."

Network officials, who feel constantly under the gun of the Federal Communications Commission (which in turn is appointed by and constantly influenced by the White House), interpreted this outburst as a direct threat. Each network owns five lucrative TV stations, whose licenses are held through the arbitrary generosity of the FCC. The FCC could take them away, though it has rarely canceled a major TV license. Frank Stanton, president of CBS, said through chattering teeth, "This is an unprecedented attempt by the Vice President to intimidate a news medium."

Inasmuch as the networks offer such awful news coverage, the printed press snickered and tittered at their discomfort for a few days. But then in a speech in Montgomery, Ala., Agnew unloaded on *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, damning them as biased left wingers. They were, he said, the terrible result of a continuing concentration of power in the hands of a few newspapers. Now it was the printed press's turn to growl and grumph about efforts at news management. But, as in his complaints about the networks, there was obviously enough truth in what Agnew said to make the press feel vulnerable. And a squirmy press was a very appealing sight to much of the public, which is apparently convinced that, next to politicians, newsmen lie the most.

None of this squabble would have been of any importance except that it was quite obvious that Agnew spoke for Nixon. Clark Mollenhoff, then a special counsel to Nixon, said publicly that Agnew "reflected the views of the Administration." A White House aide told *Newsweek* that Agnew's attacks were "carefully orchestrated." According to columnist Kevin Phillips, who was once an aide to John Mitchell and retains close ties to the Administration, Agnew's anti-press speeches, as well as most of his other on-the-road keynote speeches, were made on orders straight from Nixon. The cheap thrill to be had from listening to Agnew was the knowledge that, somewhere in the wings, Richard, the Black Knight, was rubbing his hands in delight and smirking the old smirk that libertarians have learned to fear. And Nixon just might have the wherewithal to make Agnew's threats mean something.

On the night of the Des Moines speech, says Phillips, "President Nixon was watching it on television with the greatest of glee, interrupting to telephone his approval to speech writer Pat Buchanan." As for Agnew, says Phillips, he did not like the press, in fact he disliked the press very much, but he took on these chores with heavy heart because he thought they would kill him politically. Phillips says that after the Des Moines speech, "the Vice President repaired to his hotel room and, as the drinks were poured, said pretty much as follows: 'Well, they [Nixon, et al.] really ------ me this time. After this speech, I might as well give up. I can never run again. The media will kill me.' "

As it turned out, of course, the media didn't lay a hand on him. Television turned servile under his criticisms, and Agnew benefited by seeming to be a giant killer. He was no longer sorry that he had been rough, and began to see himself as the great broadsword reformer. Within the year he was claiming to have forced the networks to straighten up, "due to the public response to those speeches." (The Agnew impact is seen in the coverage of the Presidential campaign. McGovern's aide, Frank Mankiewicz, justifiably complains that because of "some of the blows that they've received from this Administration," the networks will follow their reporting of a McGovern speech by hunting up "two assistant aldermen

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somewhere who'll say they didn't like it, so that there can be some kind of balance.")

With the robust publicity victories of 1969 egging him on, Agnew plowed into the election year of 1970 with as little caution or balance as a rhino defending its young. There seemed to be no limit to his gaucherie, and no target beyond his reach. At an Ohio Republican dinner in June, he clearly implied that Averell Harriman had helped imprison Poland behind the iron curtain in return for a gift of two thoroughbred horses from Stalin. When Yale's president, Kingman Brewster, suggested that Black Panthers could not get a fair trial, Agnew urged Yale's alumni to throw him out. When the University of Michigan decided to enroll 900 black students whose scholastic background did not qualify them for entrance under the usual rules, Agnew ridiculed the university's president, Robben Fleming, as "a marshmallow" and accused him of having "buckled under to a few squads of kid extortionists."

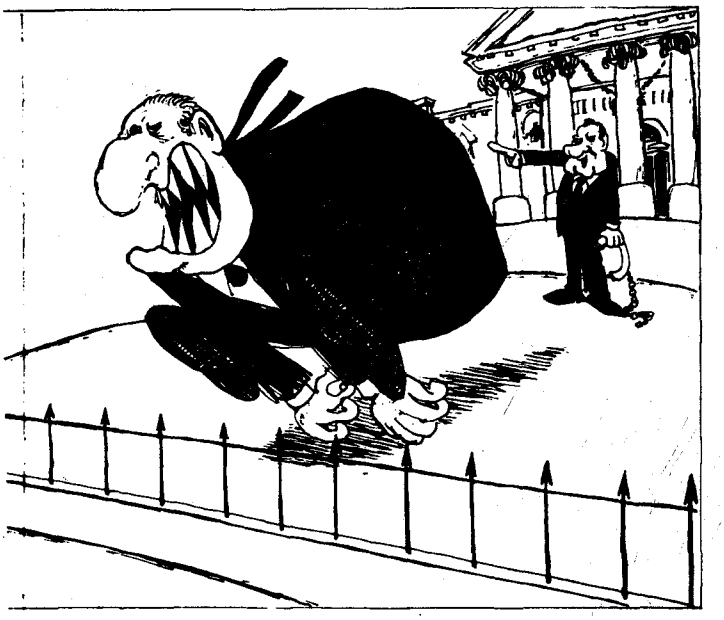
On the political trail Agnew was even more rambunctious. His hatred for Republican Sen. Charles Goodell, running for re-election in New York, was so intense that he likened him to Christine Jorgensen, celebrated as the recipient of an operation that changed his sex. Goodell, once a conservative Congressman, had become something of a liberal in the Senate and had opposed the Administration's war policies.

Agnew concocted a rather laughable list of "radical liberals," on which were the names of Sens. Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois, Harrison Williams of New Jersey, Philip Hart of Michigan, and, of all people, Howard Cannon of Nevada. He went stomping into Arkansas to denounce Sen. William Fulbright (who wasn't even running) as a "querulous fuddy-duddy," and to ridicule the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Dale Bumpers, as the "grin and grunt" candidate.

It was a great barnstorming show. Like never before, the Republican faithful turned out to hear him and laugh; he raised a phenomenal $3.5 million for the GOP treasury. But there is something more important than money; there is the matter of winning. And even before the campaign was over Republican Party professionals sensed that Agnew was doing more harm than good. From the conservative wing Kevin Phillips said, "Agnew's gone stale. He sounds like a broken record." On the Left, Lee Auspitz, president of the Ripon Society, said, "Agnew's ratings, like those of Milton Berle two decades ago, have begun to turn sour."

It was true. Less than two weeks before the election, a Louis Harris poll showed that 50 per cent of the sampling felt that he was doing a poor job. Furthermore, 88 per cent of those polled said that, if Agnew asked them to vote for a particular GOP nominee, his appeal would leave them totally indifferent or would make them want to vote the other way.

Only in the Goodell race did he seem to have the effect he had sought. His attack rallied enough liberal Democratic support to the Senator and away from the Democratic nominee, Richard Ottinger, and so split the liberal-moderate strength that the Conservative Party candidate, James Buckley, won the seat. (Watching returns on election night, Agnew said of Goodell, "We got that son of a bitch.")



Corky, Los Angeles Times

The GOP won two Senate seats, but lost nine in the House; the Democrats gained eleven gubernatorial offices. Agnew's part in the disaster caused widespread grumbling. Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller, who lost in Arkansas, told acquaintances after Agnew had passed through: "Now I know why my brother [Gov. Nelson Rockefeller] keeps him out of New York." Dissatisfaction with the heavy-handedness of his attack was so prevalent among GOP state executives that Agnew went to a governors' conference in Sun Valley to explain, and to rationalize. "You've got to chop their nuts off," he said, "before they chop off yours." Anyway, why were they blaming him? "Any schoolchild would know," he said, "the Vice President is just an extension of the President." And publicly he acknowledged that his role as the hatchet man had been on "assignment."

Thereafter there was increasing talk of finding a way to dump Agnew in 1972. But who was doing the talking? Not Nixon; not the right wing. Early in 1971 *The Christian Science Monitor* polled GOP state chairmen and national committee members; fifty-four said they thought Agnew should tone down his remarks, only thirty-two thought he shouldn't. But that minority represented the very people Nixon needed to pacify by keeping Agnew at his side. They represented the likes of the Southern Republican who said, "I keep reading about efforts to clean him up. That could cost him popularity down our way. We prefer the dirty old version."

To be sure, Agnew probably irritated Nixon at times, as when he criticized the Ping-Pong exchange just when Kissinger was in the middle of most delicate negotiations to get Nixon into Red China. At the same time, it was extremely important to have that criticism of the Red Chinese because (*1*) coming from within the Administration it disarmed the right-wing kooks; and (*2*) coming from Agnew it made Nixon seem like a moderate.

Still, there was always the chance that Agnew might

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Rocky on Spiro

Asked on October 17 why he thought Agnew had the "inside track for the 1976 GOP Presidential nomination, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller explained: "Because he's there; because he's a heartbeat away. God, you think of it every time you look at him."

run off at the mouth just once too often; so to keep him out of the way while Kissinger completed the Red China deal, Nixon sent him off on a round-the-world tour that included buttering up Franco and praising African black dictators as being the sort "U.S. blacks could learn much from."

The White House dissociated itself from Agnew's overseas remarks, and this caused another flurry of speculation that Nixon would dump him. A liberal GOP Senator said at the time, "There's hardly anyone left among Republicans up here who thinks he'll be on the ticket in 1972. At the White House, you don't get any more of that 'Spiro's our hero' business. Now, when his name is mentioned, you get a general scrunching of the shoulders." There were rumors he might be got rid of via an appointment to the Supreme Court, but Agnew laughed at the idea he would take such an appointment. In November 1971, Phillips wrote in *The New York Times Magazine*: "Perhaps Agnew's image, like Humpty Dumpty, cannot be put back together again—at least while he is in office. Few people at the White House even want to make the effort. Many of the President's top staffers—Ehrlichman, Rumsfeld, Finch, Leonard Garment and Clark MacGregor—want Agnew dumped rather than rehabilitated. Besides which, some influential Congressional Republicans are giving Agnew mere lip service, while they jockey to replace him." Phillips reported true support only in the South and Southwest.

GOP liberals, of course, were not overjoyed at the idea of another four years with Agnew. Sen. Jacob Javits, who told me in 1969, "After he's been around about three years and has had his tail kicked a few times, I think he'll be a pretty good man," had long ago changed his mind about that. Even such a centrist Republican organ as *Life* joined the dump-Agnew chorus.

So Agnew's ultimate success in staying on the ticket—apparently it was an easy victory—must prove at least one thing: the lasting power of the GOP's far-right wing. That element of the party had not been shy about letting Nixon know where it stood before the convention. The 67,000-member Young Americans for Freedom rebuffed Nixon after he had become friendly with China and Russia and nominated Agnew for President. Goldwater and Tower cheerfully acknowledged that in their circles Agnew was more popular than the President. Rep. John Ashbrook, who challenged Nixon from the Right in some primaries, was a howling flop, but his devotees argued that at least they would scare Nixon enough to win one concession—Agnew. Lee Edwards, a Washington public relations man for such right-wing causes as Friends of the FBI, headed up a new group called Americans for Agnew. That sort of activity was visible to the President for months before Miami Beach.

The reason for the right wing's love of Agnew is one of those things that a non-right winger finds hard to understand. His record is not that conservative. Stanton Evans, chairman of the American Conservative Union, tried recently in *National Review* to explain the love. He acknowledged that "on the whole, one would not rate Agnew's position on matters of domestic economy as conservative"; he conceded that in matters of foreign policy Agnew's concepts are vague but seem to be no more ultra than "moderate-conservative and trending to the Right"; he admitted that Agnew was used by Nixon only as ideological bait—"the Agnew function within the Administration *is* largely conceived as that of massaging the conservative interest . . . to keep the Right securely tethered to the Administration." Despite all these defects, Evans still sees Agnew as a powerful force for the Right. How? Simply by being the right wing's sounding board, its inspiration, its surrogate.

"When the second highest official in the land speaks out [in right-wing tones]," wrote Evans, "a genie is released which all the minions of the Establishment will find difficult to stuff back into its opaque bottle."

As a matter of fact, Agnew himself does not even have to sound very Right. Some men seem to have a talent for inflaming kooks without actually saying anything very extreme. Agnew has that gift, or mystique, to use Nixon's appraisal—"There can be a mystique about a man. You can look him in the eye and you know he's got it. This guy has got it." After Agnew's attacks on the press, major publishers noticed a sharp upswing in their hate mail, especially anti-Semitic letters, for the kooks are convinced that the press is controlled by "Jew-Commies." Norman B. Isaacs, executive editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors during the year of Agnew's attack, felt obliged to respond. As a result, he said, he was "literally buried under an avalanche of sick mail."

Agnew's remarks are often picked up and reprinted, with praise and purple embellishments, in such organs as H. L. Hunt's *Life Lines* and Dr. Billy James Hargis' *Christian Crusade Weekly*. In addition, Agnew has been the White House's ambassador to private conferences with bankers and corporation executives who think Nixon himself is a radic-lib. He is still playing, as Marquis Childs put it, "Mr. Hyde to the President's benign Dr. Jekyll." And he can still excuse himself—as he did at the 1972 convention—as being only a loyal tool: "Much of the controversy about the Vice Presidency could be quieted if we would accept the fact that the Vice President is the President's man and not a competing political entity."

That may have been true during the first four years, but if Agnew is being groomed as Nixon's successor, he will have a more independent role from now on. There is little doubt that, as of now, he has the inside track. The rules adopted this year at the Republican convention were carefully shaped to make it easier to select delegates in 1976 who will go for the most conservative candidate. Agnew is obviously the candidate whom the Right has in mind. He will play along; his success so far has depended on his ability to "release the genie" from the bottle, and it's unlikely that he will abandon a winning formula.

The most disheartening thing about the Agnew epic is not that such a hollow man attained so lofty a position

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in American politics, or that the only spirits he seems to lift are generically those of the pass-the-bucket preachers in Tulsa. The really disheartening thing about it is that many decent politicians seem to be so cheerfully fatalistic about the prospect of his rising higher. "He's very limited, intellectually and otherwise," Sen. Mark Hatfield, Oregon Republican, once observed. "He appeals to the prejudices of the people. But who knows? Agnew might grow in the office." Read that last sentence aloud and see what it does to you: *Agnew might grow in the office.* □

HEALTH IN CHINA

THE MEDICAL REVOLUTION

CHARLES FLATO

An eleven-member Chinese medical group, consisting of medical and public health workers, is now in this country on a three-weeks' tour of medical centers. It is the first such group to visit the United States in twenty-three years. The article which follows on the present state of public health services in China, provides background for the visit. Mr. Flato, a medical reporter and editor, recently visited the People's Republic of China to gather data on medical developments there.

Before its 1949 revolution, China had, and probably had had for centuries, one of the highest overall death rates in the world, as well as an astronomical infant mortality rate. Life expectancy, although not known exactly because human life was cheap, is estimated to have been between 28 and 30 years.

It is not difficult to understand why. There were frequent famines, and malnutrition for the mass of the people was an everyday fact of life. Housing, for those lucky enough to have any, was rudimentary. Human and household waste was left to rot in mountainous piles, breeding grounds for rats and all manner of insect disease carriers.

The medical system, if it can be called that, was class medicine in its crudest form. There was virtually no medical care for the masses. The few qualified doctors available practiced in the coastal cities, tending well-to-do Chinese and the inhabitants of the foreign concessions. The few hospitals that there were turned away the poor, whose only medical attention came from the practitioners of traditional medicine, some of them reasonably competent but the bulk either sorcerers or patent medicine pitchmen.

Today, a little more than two decades after the Communist government came to power, the change is striking. Tremendous gains have been made in improving the health of China's 800 million inhabitants, both those living in the cities but also the great majority who still live on the land. The improvement did not come overnight, nor without a number of false starts. In light of the magnitude of China's medical problems—which were not medical alone, but arose also from the social and economic inequities of China's prerevolutionary past—no single solution could be sufficient.

The first step was obvious—the only therapy for starvation is food. Consequently, one of the immediate concerns of the new government was, and continues to be, to guarantee sufficient food for everyone. Production has been raised to a remarkable degree, especially in the last few years, and there are now adequate supplies, at stable low prices, of cereals, vegetables, fruit, fish, meat and poultry.

Housing, although still insufficient in the large cities, has been greatly improved. Old buildings have been rehabilitated in central areas and vast New Towns have been built. People in the communes have rehoused themselves, using local building materials and their skills.

The environmental hazards to health have been brought under control. Spurred by a national program in public health education, waste disposal is thorough and efficient. Under the supervision of "health activists" in every community, usable waste is recycled; that includes human waste, which is treated and used as fertilizer. Rats, flies, mosquitoes and other insect vectors have for all practical purposes disappeared.

Everyone is now adequately, although simply, clothed. In terms of health, this is very important in the central, northern and mountainous areas, where the winters are long and severe. Colds and respiratory diseases, once endemic, are now far less common.

Beyond the obvious general measures, the medical services had to be rebuilt. When the Communists took power they inherited a health-care system, never adequate, that was almost totally inoperative. Years of Japanese occupation, civil war and Kuomintang indifference had pulled the last props from under a rickety structure. To make matters worse, many physicians had quit the mainland before the Communists took over.

After surveying their health needs, the Communists convened a National Health Congress early in 1950. It mapped out a comprehensive program to correct chronic shortages of health workers, hospitals, clinics and schools of medicine and nursing. Medical manpower was the most serious problem, but one that could not be solved for at least six years, that being the minimum time for a medical education. In addition, there was an acute shortage of teachers of medicine. The Soviet Union, then providing substantial aid to China, sent doctors, nurses and other health workers, as well as critically needed drugs. Teachers of medicine and the biomedical sciences were also dispatched. The Russians helped to build new hospitals and rehabilitate old ones. As a result, the influence of Soviet medicine was pervasive, shaping not only China's health-care system but medical education and conventions of practice as well.

The transplantation of Soviet-style medicine to Chinese soil ultimately failed, partly because of general ideological

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disenchantment but, in the case of medicine, because the Soviet medical model did not meet Chinese health-care needs and objectives. Nevertheless, the basic guidelines laid down by the 1950 Congress, modified over the years, still dominate the organization of China's medical care, its educational system, and the day-to-day practice of medicine. These are: the provision of health services, at low cost or wholly free, to the entire population; a vast expansion of the medical manpower pool; the eradication or control of those communicable diseases that in the past were responsible for a high toll in death and disability, and the mounting of massive campaigns in public health education, carried out by millions of ordinary citizens.

In the time when the Russians were still cooperating, some of these objectives were met. Medical school enrollment rose manyfold, and a great number of paramedical personnel, including "assistant doctors" on the Soviet model, were trained. But one goal, and a key one, was not reached—the provision of health services to the majority of the people. Agricultural workers, about 80 per cent of China's total population, received little medical care and that inadequate. This comparative neglect was a consequence of basic government policy. The decision of those years was to give first priority to the development of heavy industry. Since medical resources were limited, and a choice had to be made, medical services were given urban workers at the expense of the peasantry.

Another factor was at work. Under the influence of both the Russians and Western-oriented native doctors, many of them trained either abroad or in Western-sponsored medical schools in China, most planners of medical programs believed that quality care—involving a long period of training, a high degree of specialization and great emphasis on basic research—must take precedence over curative medicine. It was, in short, the same choice that now faces American medicine—"excellence" in medicine for the few or adequate medicine for the neglected many.

Much of the thinking in Chinese medicine was either reversed or drastically modified during the Cultural Revolution in the mid-1960s. Mao Tse-tung, in response to widespread student agitation, led off a campaign to work basic changes in both medical education and practice. He characterized his own health ministry officials as "urban overlords," followed that with a demand couched as a slogan: "In medical and health work put the stress on the rural areas." He fully supported student demands for a shorter training period, the elimination of learning by rote, the "Herr Professor" attitudes of their teachers, and the growth of what they called "elitism."

The swing of emphasis from city to rural medical care, as well as to the restructuring of medical education, was far from smooth. Higher education, including medical education, came under heavy attack. The Central Committee of the Communist Party demanded that educators "must apply thoroughly the policy advanced by Comrade Mao Tse-tung of education serving proletarian politics." The result was the closing of all medical schools and the dismissal or suspension of hundreds of faculty members. Most of these professors were sent into the countryside for "re-education," which usually took the form of working in the fields for a year or two, later to return to their teaching posts or to enter the practice of medicine in the countryside.

The Cultural Revolution brought another far-reaching change to medical education. When the medical schools reopened a year or two later, they were no longer run exclusively by health professionals. Instead, their governing bodies were revolutionary committees, made up of students, representatives of the nonprofessional staff and political "cadres," as well as faculty members. In almost all instances the "leading members" of the committees were not teachers but laymen. Deans of medical schools were forced to work under their direction, with the revolutionary committees determining policy for the schools, including their curricula, faculty appointments and promotions, admission policies, and all day-to-day administrative decisions.

Following the Cultural Revolution medical education was reformed in a number of other ways. The emphasis on "theoretical" medical teaching was abandoned in favor of "practical" medicine. Students were exposed to clinical medicine early in their training, seeing patients under faculty supervision after their first year of schooling. The enclaves of pure research were broken into. Researchers were required to practice medicine, as well as to conduct their investigations. They were also urged to direct their major efforts to the solution of clinical problems.

Extensive revisions were also made in the period of training and in the content of the curriculum. The years of training required for a medical degree were reduced from five or six to three. Today, incidentally, the adequacy of the three-year course is under very active discussion. However, even if the training period is extended, there is little likelihood that any drastic changes will be made in the content or direction of curricula. It is almost certain that the emphasis will continue to be on training "primary" physicians—roughly, in American terms, general practitioners—rather than specialists.

Like many other things in China, and in contrast to most other Communist countries, medicine is now highly decentralized. The Health Ministry in Peking is no longer paramount, the health departments of municipalities and provinces functioning independently to a remarkable degree—within, of course, the framework of national health goals. The system is complex, with many local variations. In summary, it operates as follows:

The provincial and municipal health departments—all of them run by revolutionary committees of professional and lay people—are responsible for sanitation and other public health measures, hospital administration and financing, the deployment of available health workers to the hospitals, to neighborhood and factory health centers and to the communes within their jurisdictions.

The communes, still largely agricultural but becoming semi-industrialized, are made up of a number of produc-

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tion brigades and work teams. (The number fluctuates greatly from region to region; communes range in population from 20,000 to 60,000, with some even larger. The average number of persons in production brigades ranges from 2,000 to 6,000 with work teams of 300 to 800 members.)

Each commune has its own, for the most part, locally directed health services. Each production brigade and work team has its own health station. Commune facilities include one or more general hospitals, as well as necessary specialized clinics and inpatient units. Patients from surrounding areas are treated in them if their medical needs cannot be met at the brigade facilities.

Work teams, as well as factory health stations are manned by "barefoot" and worker doctors. Production brigades have small hospitals, staffed by fully qualified doctors and barefoot doctors. They can cope with uncomplicated illnesses and perform simple surgery. The physicians at such hospitals—as well as doctors from the larger commune and big city hospitals—visit the health stations on a rotating basis, both to treat patients and to develop the skills of the medical personnel.

In the cities, neighborhood health centers—called Lane or Street stations—provide basic medical care. Depending on the size of their patient populations, they are staffed by two or more barefoot doctors, nurses and other auxiliary staff. They also serve—as do the work team stations—as centers for public health education and for carrying out various health-related programs, such as family planning, insect and pest control, and sanitation measures. The M.D.s from the large city hospitals, which are responsible for the quality of care in the neighborhood centers, visit them on a regular basis, to consult on patient problems and to teach.

A unique feature of the Chinese medical care system is its "regional" organization—one that really works, in contrast to the regional medical programs in this country. Patients requiring treatment from highly skilled doctors and sophisticated equipment are transported, rapidly and efficiently, to facilities with superior capacities.

Since returning from China, I have been asked frequently how good Chinese medicine really is. Doctors here, the majority of them skeptical of medical standards outside the United States—let alone China—doubt that it can be very good.

The answer cannot be given on the basis of a brief visit. Moreover, measuring the overall quality of care is difficult. Quality in Westchester County, New York, for example, is quite different from what prevails in Harlem, and the same obtains in China. But, on the whole, most Western physicians who have been there agree, Chinese medicine is of relatively high quality; even more important, it is available to those who need it most. In addition, as they point out, in China the emphasis is on preventive rather than curative medicine. Patients do not, from lack of money, motivation or the availability of care, wait until they become critically ill before seeing a doctor. In China illnesses are treated at their earliest stages, as a result of frequent checkups and because doctors are close at hand. They even make house calls, a custom almost forgotten in America.

Lest this account of the medical care situation in China sound too rosy red, it should be pointed out that there are deficiencies in the system, and the Chinese say so candidly. The shortcomings are particularly evident in the treatment of conditions rarely met when life expectancy was short—as cardiovascular disease, cancer, etc. But the progress in other areas is impressive. To cite a few examples: Almost all communicable diseases have either been eliminated or are under control; infant mortality is down to levels comparable to such medically advanced countries as Sweden and Great Britain; VD, once a scourge in China, has for all practical purposes been eradicated. TB is largely a thing of the past. And all in an extremely short time, at least as one measures the long fight against disease and disability. □

MR. NIXON'S TAX MYTHOLOGY

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In the spring of 1965 President Lyndon B. Johnson misled the Congress and the American people about the cost of the war in Vietnam and the consequent need for increased taxes. Because Johnson did not want the country to know that it was facing a big war, lest the knowledge jeopardize his Great Society programs, his administration made every effort to hide burgeoning military expenditures. And as official estimates of what the war would cost became increasingly unreliable—falling short by $6 billion in fiscal 1966 and by $11 billion in fiscal 1967—the President's economic advisers, worried about inflation, since unemployment was dropping toward 4 per cent, urged the President to tell the country it needed a tax hike. He disagreed, saying: "I don't know much about economics. . . . But if I talk about the cost of the war, the Great Society won't go through and the tax bill won't go through. Old Wilbur Mills will sit down there and he'll tell me that they'll be glad to spend whatever we need for the war."

While this may have seemed only a small deceit to the President at the time, it is difficult to exaggerate the long-term harm done to the American economy. Johnson's refusal to level with the public led to a $25 billion deficit in fiscal 1968, a major distortion of national priorities, the unleashing of a pernicious inflation that is still with us, and the eventual establishment by President Nixon of a system of economic controls so radical that some have

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compared it to Lenin's New Economic Policy of the 1920s. In fact, Johnson's little white lie was, in David Halberstam's words, "How the Economy Went Haywire."

With predictable enthusiasm, President Nixon attacked the substantive deficiencies and lack of candor in Lyndon Johnson's economic policies. The first Nixon Economic Report promised to open the books of government as never before. "We are making available the facts and figures that will enable the people to make some intelligent judgments about the future. If we are to improve the quality of life in this nation, we must first improve the quality of debate about our national priorities. . . . Government must say what it means and mean what it says. Economic credibility is the basis for confidence, and confidence in turn is the basis for ongoing prosperity."

A tipoff that this might be a hollow commitment was the cliché about government's saying what it means and meaning what it says. It is hard to imagine that a President, anguishing over the need for candor in government, would set his pen to writing such stuff. And now, just as Johnson misrepresented the tax issue in 1965 and 1966, Nixon appears willing to mislead the American people on the state of our federal tax system and the need for tax reform. In slide shows, press releases and even Congressional testimony, the Administration has arranged the facts to fit the point of view that the tax system serves the average citizen so admirably that cries for reform are ill conceived.

The Administration's tax policy was set to a considerable extent in early 1971 by former Secretary of the Treasury John B. Connally. Rather than be defensive about the Administration's lack of tax reform proposals, Connally's strategy was to bluff his way through by going on the offensive and ridiculing the reform proposals of others. The ultimate in this approach was reached in April 1972, while Connally was still Secretary of the Treasury, with a slide show given by Fredrick Hickman, Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Tax Policy. Armed with a slide presentation, Mr. Hickman reportedly disparaged tax reform as unnecessary and undesirable, saying, "There are more important problems before the nation than reshaping our tax laws. We're doing pretty well."

Public indignation at what seemed to be an extreme attempt to propagandize the tax issue brought about its early demise. In what must be the world's shortest run of performances for a theatre event, the slide show opened with a single performance in Washington and closed after a second performance in New York. With sophistication gained from experience, however, the Administration now appears ready to use myths to persuade the average American that the revenue side of the federal budget is efficient and fair.

Myth Number 1: The Rich Pay High Taxes. In sustained chorus, spokesmen for the Administration have attempted to halt the growing revolt against taxes by minimizing the extent to which wealthy individuals escape paying their fair share. In mid-summer Edwin S. Cohen, Under Secretary of the Treasury and Nixon's most knowledgeable tax adviser, instructed members of the Congress: "In the face of political rhetoric, it is important that we keep a proper perspective and consider the need for further reform of the tax structure with a calm and deliberate appraisal." Mr. Cohen's perspective was that "much has been said in the heat of a political campaign to indicate that the rich somehow manage to avoid paying income taxes. . . . But if we look at the data as a whole it is clear that people with high adjusted gross incomes are paying heavy federal income taxes." Pointing out that Treasury data showed individuals with adjusted gross incomes above $200,000 paying an overall effective tax rate of 44 per cent, Cohen contended that critics should be slow to condemn a federal tax system that produces such huge amounts of tax.

Mr. Cohen's statement may reassure someone who doesn't know the meaning of adjusted gross income, a lovely Treasury term that deliberately excludes the very loophole income that tax reformers scream about —capital gains, tax-exempt bonds, depletion, and so on. In other words, the 44 per cent rate presented by Mr. Cohen relates primarily to that portion of a rich man's income that is not gained from loopholes. "Adjusted gross income" is clearly part of the fable of the tax system that works against reform. Mr. Cohen, himself, although willing to use the term freely in prepared testimony, acknowledged under tough Congressional questioning that "I could not agree more that the use of adjusted gross income as a measurement here has great defects."

Unfortunately, the Under Secretary's ability to recognize that his prepared presentation had been inadequate was not enough to prevent its widespread acceptance. *U.S. News & World Report*, for example, quickly printed the entire prepared statement, without one word of the criticism or of Cohen's agreement with it. An article labeled "Who Really Pays Federal Taxes—Latest Official Report," encouraged the public to swallow the Administration's view that there is little wrong with the tax structure.

But actually the federal tax collector is losing his grip on the rich and near rich. Joseph Pechman and Benjamin Okner of the Brookings Institution, correcting for the erosion of the individual income tax base and the deficiencies of the adjusted gross income measure, estimate that loopholes now amount to $77 billion a year, an amount that approaches the $87 billion a year the tax collects. While some of these special privileges also reduce the tax rates of low- and moderate-income taxpayers, the data suggest it is the rich whose rates are reduced the most. Adding in what is missing from the adjusted gross income measure, for example, Pechman and Okner estimate that taxpayers with incomes in excess of $200,000 a year pay an effective rate of about 30 per cent, 14 per cent less than Cohen's estimate, and 40 per cent less than IRS maximum for this bracket. And there are still those 104 wealthy Americans who in 1970 achieved the mission impossible of not paying a dime in federal income taxes—despite the much heralded 10 per cent minimum income tax enacted in 1969.

Myth Number 2: The Average Taxpayer Benefits the Most from Tax Loopholes. A corollary to the argument that the wealthy are paying heavy taxes is the Administration-advanced myth that middle-income taxpayers, those making $10,000 to $15,000 a year, are the main beneficiaries of tax loopholes. The point is pro-

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moted rhetorically by abundant references to homeowner property tax deductions, the exclusion of Social Security payments, the extra exemption for the blind, and so on. The Treasury cites its own data on the "Estimated Distribution of Selected Items of Tax Preferences of Individuals by Adjusted Gross Income Class, Calendar 1971," submitted to the Joint Economic Committee in July, as evidence that the average taxpayer does a pretty good job of getting his share of special tax privileges.

The Tax Reform Research Group challenged the Treasury handout, however, charging "that the Treasury Department was presenting deliberately misleading statistics to the Congress and the American people in an attempt to undermine the growing pressure for tax reform." What the Administration left out of its adjusted gross income figures this time, according to the Nader-created group, was any indication about the number of taxpayers in each income group. When those figures are supplied, it becomes clear that most of the special tax breaks smile more broadly on a taxpayer as his income rises. The original Treasury data, for example, showed the deduction for medical expenses to be worth $470 million to the total number of taxpayers earning $10,000 to $15,000 in 1971 and only $35 million to all those earning $100,000 or more. But these aggregate statistics did not disclose that there were approximately 14 million taxpayers in the first group and only 78,000 in the latter. Thus, the medical expense deduction was worth only $33 to each taxpayer earning $10,000 to $15,000 as against $499 for taxpayers earning $100,000 or more. In other words, on a per taxpayer basis, the richest 0.1 per cent of our population realized more than ten times the medical care tax benefits received by the average taxpayer.

Even tax breaks that have been traditionally thought of as middle-class loopholes actually benefit the wealthy much more than they do the typical wage earner. For example, the original Treasury data showed that the homeowner property tax deduction was worth $642 million to the $10,000 to $15,000 group and only $137 million to the $100,000-plus group. But when the number of taxpayers is taken into account the pattern is reversed, with benefits of only $45 for the wage earner making $10,000 to $15,000, but $1,758 for the $100,000-plus highflier—a 35-to-1 ratio in favor of the rich. The average taxpayer's hunch that he is cheated in the tax loophole lottery is correct.

Myth Number 3: Nixon's Tax Changes Have Not Favored Corporations. Although it is common to hear the charge that the White House favors business, Administration spokesmen have vigorously argued in speeches and Congressional testimony that tax changes since 1969 have not especially favored corporations. In a speech delivered before the Federal Tax Institute of New England in April of this year, for example, Treasury Under Secretary Cohen took that position, citing as evidence the changes in absolute dollar amounts paid by corporations and individuals under the Nixon tax policies. Pointing out that aggregate corporate taxes would increase by $5 billion over the period, while aggregate individual income taxes would fall by $19 billion, Cohen claimed, "It cannot properly be said that the benefits of the 1969-71 changes have favored

Liederman, Long Island Press

The Fine Print Says "Maybe"

corporations as against individuals. Substantially all the reductions have gone to individuals."

But the absolute dollar technique is a sham as a measure of corporate tax burden. Among other deficiencies, the absolute amount of corporate income taxes collected may increase while corporate income tax rates are declining. If a meaningful judgment of what has happened to income tax burdens is to be made, the focus should be on what proportion corporate income taxes are of pretax profits, or what proportion corporate income taxes are of all federal revenues. As a percentage of pretax profits, the effective corporate income tax rate has declined from about 41 per cent in 1970 to 37 per cent in 1972, with projections that it will drop to less than 36 per cent by the end of 1973. Not too surprisingly, corporate income taxes are also declining as a share of federal revenues. From a high of 23 per cent in 1960, corporate income taxes gradually declined to 21 per cent by 1969, and have since then rapidly dropped to 16 per cent. Although it is true that individual income tax rates have also declined over the period, this has been largely offset by an 8 per cent increase in the relatively regressive Social Security tax. It seems evident that corporations have benefited the most from tax changes made since 1969.

But even the erosion of overall corporate income tax rates does not tell the whole story. According to a study released by Rep. Charles A. Vanik (D., Ohio) nine of the eighty-six largest industrial corporations in 1970—U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, McDonnell Douglas, W. R. Grace, Gulf & Western, Uniroyal, Standard Oil of Ohio, Republic Steel and National Steel—made $682 million in profits but paid nothing in federal taxes. Another thirteen

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of the top eighty-six corporations had effective tax rates of 1 to 10 per cent, the study showed, even though their profits totaled more than $3 billion. So significant has tax avoidance been among the larger steel, oil, timber and railroad companies that the corporate income tax for the top eighty-six firms has fallen to 24 per cent—20 per cent less than the rate paid by smaller corporations and exactly half the official corporate rate. Mr. Vanik concluded that, although the data were sketchy, it appeared that the situation had deteriorated to the point where giant corporations were even more adept at weaseling out of taxes than wealthy individuals:

> Great public concern and indignation has been focused on those 107 Americans who received more than $200,000 in income last year yet paid no federal income taxes. But put the facts in perspective: those 107 [recently revised to 104] Americans received a total of $26 million tax-free. In 1970 nine corporations out of the top 86 had a pretax income of $682 million—yet paid no federal taxes!

Myth Number 4: Most Tax Subsidies Achieve Important Social Goals. Under attack about the extent to which wealthy individuals and giant corporations escape taxes, the Administration usually retreats to the position that tax loopholes are not giveaways to the rich but subsidies designed to induce the affluent to put their funds into socially useful activities. Unfortunately, there is more rhetoric about the worth-while objectives of tax subsidies than there is evidence that they actually accomplish anything. Time and again Administration spokesmen have asserted without proof that the investment credit creates jobs, that rapid depreciation creates new rental housing, that Domestic International Sales Corporations will solve our balance of payments problem, that capital gains are the "lifeblood" of U.S. investment, and so on. Mr. Connally used to offer a hymn of praise for every loophole or subsidy in the Internal Revenue Code. Now President Nixon has begun to extol certain subsidies without any evidence that they work. At a Connally barbecue a short time ago the President said:

> As far as I am concerned, I strongly favor not only the present depreciation rate, but going even further than that, so we can get our plants and equipment more effective. That is why, in terms of depletion, rather than moving in the direction of reducing the depletion allowance, let us look at the fact that all the evidence now shows that we are going to have a major energy crisis. To avoid that, we have to provide incentives rather than disincentives for people to go out and explore for oil. That is why you have depletion and the people have got to understand it.

But the President is asking the people to believe a myth—there is no evidence that the special tax breaks for petroleum have brought about any significant increase in net production. On the contrary, Dr. S. Edward Erickson and Stephen Millsaps conclude in a recent Congressional study that "the consensus of professional economic opinion is relatively certain that the special tax provisions [for petroleum] result in an inefficient allocation of resources, a smaller national income and questionable income distribution effects." The authors document the extraordinary inefficiency of this tax subsidy with figures that show an annual Treasury cost of $1.4 billion generating only $150 million in additional petroleum reserves.

And this kind of poor performance is the general rule for tax subsidies. In a recent Joint Economic Committee volume entitled *The Economics of Federal Subsidy Programs,* evaluations of seven tax subsidies worth a total of $23 billion a year found that the subsidies didn't work at all, didn't work efficiently, or had adverse effects on the economy. An analysis of long-term capital gains, for example, led the authors to conclude that a persuasive case for the favorable treatment of capital gains has yet to be made. With respect to the investment credit, which Mr. Nixon called the "strongest short-term incentive in our history to invest in machinery and equipment that will create jobs," the study concluded that it was an ineffective short-term stimulant to employment. And even more damning was a study showing that the tax treatment of U.S. firms operating abroad probably reduced U.S. productivity, held down the real wage of labor, and exported jobs abroad. In releasing the volume, Sen. William Proxmire, chairman of the committee, noted the lack of hard evidence that tax subsidies achieve important social goals: "The disturbing thing about these tax subsidies is the way they tumble into being without any careful study. The Treasury Department, the Congress, and the public all seem to think we can solve our problems by giving someone a tax break. Too often we don't solve any problems, we just create new ones."

Myth Number 5: The Nixon Administration Won't Raise Taxes. The latest myth being created by the Administration—and the most absurd—is that the nation won't see a tax increase under four more years of Nixon. Once again, the President's lieutenants are working harder to obscure the reality of the nation's fiscal problems than to find solutions. The Nixon budget is on its way to being out of control, running an actual deficit this year of about $35 billion—$10 billion more than the Administration's own estimates. According to *Nixon, McGovern, and the Federal Budget,* published by the American Enterprise Institute, the future picture for the Nixon budget is equally grim because existing government commitments alone will require tax increases of some $21 billion in 1975. Most economists agree that to allow these huge deficits to occur as the economy approaches full employment is to invite a rapid acceleration of inflation. For example, Murray L. Weidenbaum, a former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Nixon, had this to say about the situation: "To put it simply but accurately, the federal budget is heading the wrong way. . . . I am worried now. . . . We have a growing deficit, in the neighborhood of $35 billion. Whether you are a practitioner of the new economics, the old economics, or whatever, that just does not make sense."

Because the budget is headed in the wrong direction, good economic policy dictates that taxes be raised, expenditures cut, or both. But the Administration apparently has decided not to speak to these issues directly and indicate its specific priorities before the election. Instead, Presidential aide John D. Ehrlichman went before the White House press corps on the afternoon of September

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7 to regale them with the simple statement that "The President won't ask for any higher taxes—period." In what must be considered one of the most surrealistic press conferences ever held by this Administration, Mr. Ehrlichman's "period" turned out to be a semicolon as he led reporters on a merry chase. He was asked at least a dozen times how the Administration was going to finance $16 billion in property tax reform without raising taxes: it seems the reporters could never quite understand how Mr. Ehrlichman believed this might be done. As the following exchanges indicate, they tried hard to be enlightened:

Question: Whether it is a value-added tax or anything else, would you not have to raise federal taxes in some fashion to finance property tax relief?

Ehrlichman: Obviously, there are other ways of going about it, other forms of revenue production that do not involve an increase in rates or movement into a new area of taxation, or possibly corresponding reductions in taxes in other areas, or possibly reduction in expenses in other areas. There is a whole range of possibilities here, so I do not think your question states an inevitability at all.

Question: Would you consider a value-added tax a tax increase or a tax reform?

Ehrlichman: I would consider it a substitution in the context in which you have been discussing it, as I gather your morning conversation. The thought there would be that some other mode of taxation would be substituted for the property tax.

Question: You are not ruling out that the President might propose a value-added tax?

Ehrlichman: I am not ruling out anything.

Question: How do you hope to do this? If I am correct in assuming that this 50 per cent decrease for education purposes, the slack will be taken up by federal revenues. How do you hope to do it without raising taxes?

Ehrlichman: You might do it as I suggested. I have answered the question, but I will run through it again. Obviously, you have to have a pool of federal dollars. Whether you get those dollars through the device you suggest, which is not preferable to us—this Administration does not stand for higher taxes; what we would prefer to do is either cut expenses in some other area, find a source of revenue which would not involve additional burdens to the taxpayer, which is a viable alternative here—or as a possibility, reallocate existing federal resources to a program of this kind.

Question: I know this question has been asked before, but I still don't understand the answer that if value-added is proposed, there would be an increase in the federal taxes and a reduction in local taxes. Is that tax increase or reform?

Ehrlichman: I think it is a tax substitution. Whether it is an increase or not, you have not given me enough to work with.

Question: This is possible under your guidelines?

Ehrlichman: Anything is possible. I am not foreclosing any options. I think in the area of probability, which is maybe what you are more interested in, I would not put value-added tax at the top of the list. I think you have to be talking in other kinds of terms.

Question: Is it fair, then, to say that your goal is to reduce property taxes by some means other than a change in taxes?

Ehrlichman: No.

Question: You talk about reallocation or cutting spending.

Ehrlichman: I wouldn't rule out reforms in the tax system which might achieve both an increase in equity to the taxpayer, a simplification to the taxpayer, and the creation of a pool of money not otherwise allocated which could be devoted to this goal.

Question: And would it not consist of some selected tax increases?

Ehrlichman: That is not what I said, no.

Question: But that is the question.

Ehrlichman: Beyond that, I am getting into reading you the President's option paper, and that I will not do.

As one can see, Mr. Ehrlichman's simple ban on taxes is so filled with qualifications, contradictions and escape clauses that its only purpose can be to obscure. According to Ehrlichman, there will be no tax increase under Nixon except for the possibility of a value-added tax, the substitution of a new tax for an old tax, other revenue alternatives the Treasury Department can think up, including tax reform if necessary, or when Congress exceeds certain of the President's budget requests, and other unforeseen contingencies. A *Washington Post* editorial found just the right words to describe Ehrlichman's press conference performance: "Those who follow tax policy seriously will, by this time, have held his various statements up to the light and located the escape clauses written in lemon juice between the lines."

Although President Nixon appears truly committed to cutting the spending side of the budget ledger, Ehrlichman and other Administration spokesmen are equally vague about where and how they propose to make such cuts. While there are several reasons why the Administration would choose to obscure that side of the budget—to avoid losing the votes of those affected, and to avoid admitting that the Congress has cut more than the President in such areas as defense—the overriding reason is that the Administration can't come up with the $12 billion in spending cuts needed to give the fiscal 1973 budget a full-employment balance.

A confidential study prepared by the Council of Economic Advisers in the early part of the year, for example, was able to put its finger on only about $4 billion in "questionable" programs. The problem that the council staff ran into, and which faces all zealous budget cutters, is that more than 70 per cent of the budget for a single fiscal year is relatively uncontrollable, in the sense that it is allocated to prior commitments, automatic payout formulas mandated by law, and so on. Even cutting controllable spending is difficult for the Administration because the bulk of it lies in defense, an area the President apparently feels is sacrosanct, and a good deal of the rest consists of high-priority programs for pollution abatement, school aid, urban improvement and state and local grants. There are of course low-priority programs that can and should be cut—such as farm price supports, impacted school aid, merchant marine subsidies, public works projects, and general aviation subsidies—but it is doubtful that either the President or Congress will have the political will to do so, and even if they did the savings would not be enough to correct the present budget difficulties. Thus,

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even with the spending problem now in the hands of super budget cutter Caspar Weinberger, one cannot seriously consider economies by themselves an adequate solution to the current dilemma.

So what do these vignettes on Nixon's tax and spending policies mean? In the first instance they mean that Nixon's tax policy is to a great extent based on mythology. The omitted loophole income of the rich, the failure to calculate benefits on a per taxpayer basis, the phony statistics that corporations have not received significant tax benefits since 1969, the unsupported proposition that tax subsidies achieve important social goals, and the promise that there will be no tax increase under four more years of Nixon, go far to project a distorted picture of our tax system. The statements that we can solve the government's financial problem by simply cutting excessive Congressional spending also do not square with the facts. In short, the President has not presented an honest picture of the budget or realistic alternatives for putting it into proper balance.

In the second instance, the Administration's tax and spending pronouncements reveal an ingenious set of political maneuvers designed to shift the blame for large deficits and unfair tax burdens onto the Democrats. The unsettling facts facing Mr. Nixon are four years of Republican deficits amounting to more than $95 billion and George McGovern's thoughtful tax reform proposal. More and more people are asking why the President's management of the economy has led to such huge deficits and why he has no plan for tax reform. Rather than deal with these issues, Mr. Nixon has decided a good offense is the best defense in an election year. And apparently his view of a good offense in this situation is to obscure the tax and expenditure realities of the budget, to equate tax reform implicitly with a tax increase, and to say it is Congressional spending that has caused the deficits. That is the logic behind the President's emphasis on a spending ceiling, and his recent radio statement that there is a "clear and present danger that excessive spending by the Congress might cause a Congressional tax increase in 1973." While it is an open question whether the strategy will succeed politically, one might ask what it does to the President's pledge that "Government must say what it means and mean what it says."

But beyond the ambiguity and politics, important as they may be, there are important considerations of how the Nixon policy will affect the performance of the economy and the extent to which each citizen shares in the economic pie. First, the absence of a commitment to tax reform mocks the promise of economic justice in the American economy because it will eventually mean a more regressive tax increase for the average citizen. Second, as was the case with President Johnson in 1966, Nixon's distortion of the need for tax reform and additional revenues will surely lead to serious economic chaos: the huge deficits will continue, a tighter monetary policy will raise interest rates, costs and prices will again accelerate, and we won't see the end of wage-price controls. In this way, Mr. Nixon's tax mythology may do more harm to the free enterprise system he prizes so highly than could the malice of its most ardent enemies. □

WORLD FOOD TRADE

THE FAT GET FATTER

FRANCES MOORE LAPPE
Ms. Lappé is the author of Diet for a Small Planet (*Ballantine Books*).

The recent wheat sales to Russia reinforce the impression held by the average American that our agricultural abundance goes, if not to feed the hungry, at least to those who can well use the food. The Department of Agriculture certainly seems convinced of it. One of its officials has stated that "without our farms as an auxiliary source of food, millions of people in Europe, Latin America, Africa and Asia either would have a lower standard of living or actually would be hungry."

And many of us would like to believe it. After all, with the output of one-quarter of all harvested acreage shipped across our border, we *are* the world's leading agricultural exporter. But just what does "agricultural" mean? How much of this apparently vast volume of products is actually food? And how much ever reaches the mouths of hungry people? What about the goods America imports? From whom do they come? Ask such questions and the importance of sheer volume diminishes, the image of America as "provider" begins to fade. In its place another picture emerges—America as a drain on the world's food resources.

Although two-thirds of the world is hungry, most of our food exports go to the nonhungry areas—Europe, Japan and Canada. We ship three times more agricultural products to Europe than to Latin America and Africa *combined.* And we import many times more agricultural products from the poor countries than we export to them. In trade with Central America, for example, we import about five times more agricultural products than we export. The pattern is clear: the rich countries, including the United States, receive food from the poor countries, but the rich trade their own food riches among themselves.

The result of this pattern is an enormously lopsided exchange of that most needed of all human nutrients—*protein.* The size of the imbalance has been measured by Dr. Georg Borgstrom, geographer and nutritionist. He estimates that in trade with the poor countries the rich nations enjoy a net protein import of 1

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million tons, an amount equivalent to half of all the protein the American population consumes from meat and poultry combined each year. That kind of trade advantage doesn't show up on the ledgers of the Commerce Department!

Given this lopsided protein exchange in favor of the rich, there must be something amiss with the popular notion that, while the poor countries may send us cocoa or tea, we send them real food. A specific example of this misconception is to be seen in the role of the hungry world as exporter of high-protein foods from the sea—of which we are the main beneficiary. Almost three-quarters of the shrimp, one-half of the tuna and one-quarter of other raw fish in world trade is directed into the American marketplace. Many of these protein riches come from poor countries like India, Panama and Mexico. In addition we import enough protein in the form of fishmeal from Peru and Chile to meet the protein requirements of a country the size of Peru for an entire year.

The Westerner takes for granted that the best use for the poor soils and adverse climates of the poor countries is to provide nonfoods like coffee and tea for the rest of the world. Such a notion ignores two facts, one historical and the other current. Historically, the role of the poor countries as providers of these luxury products for the rich was neither their own choice, nor based on filling human needs. It was a decision made by early colonists, solely on the basis of what would bring the greatest profit to the mother country. The land now dedicated to coffee in the *poor* countries was often their best agricultural land. It could just as well have produced nutritious food for hungry people, but by now the poor countries are locked into an insidious trap of economic dependency on these products in world trade.

Second, the view of the poor as producers of nonfoods for the rich obscures the fact that on land not used for coffee or tea the poor countries grow some of the highest quality plant protein in world agriculture. Unfortunately, these foodstuffs are *also primarily for export to the rich*. They include peanuts, sesame seeds, cottonseeds, coconuts and sunflower seeds—a group known as oilseeds.

Ironically, while most of these oilseeds are potentially high-quality human foods, the rich countries use them for animal feed. One-third of Africa's peanut crop is shipped to Europe primarily for this purpose. J. C. Abbott of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the U.N. has estimated that if this high-quality protein were eaten locally instead of being exported for animal feed, it could make a significant contribution to ending malnutrition in the hungry countries. And Max Milner of the Agency for International Development has stated that as much oilseed protein is used by the rich countries for animal feed as all the protein of animal origin produced for man in the world. (The reader should be reminded here that livestock don't need to eat protein to produce it for man's benefit. Their role historically has been to consume plants inedible by man and convert them into meat.)

The rich countries are not only importing enormous quantities of high-protein feed for meat production, they also import meat directly. Again much of this crucial protein comes from the poor countries. America imports more than 1 *billion* pounds of meat annually—enough to give every American a hamburger for lunch every day for a month. We buy enough meat from Latin America (much of it from poverty-stricken Central America) to meet the protein requirements of the whole population of a country like Costa Rica for an entire year. In fact, the United States, with 7 per cent of the world's population, imports about one-quarter of all the beef and canned meat in world trade.

But is not this heavy protein importation offset by our exports? Of the ten leading U.S. agricultural exports, four—hides, tallow, cotton and tobacco—are not edible at all, and of the remaining six, only two are high in protein—nonfat dry milk and soybeans. And the majority of the soybeans go to Japan, Western Europe and Canada, where they are fed to livestock. Our government does help finance soy shipments to the hungry countries, but virtually all of it in the form of protein-empty soy oil. It is true that we export meat, but only about one-third as much as we import. A crucial fact, if one is concerned with food needs and not just dollar values, is that we export about two and a half times as much fat and inedible livestock products as we do protein-rich meat.

It has been said that the current emergence of the Third World will inevitably tend to equalize the distribution of the earth's resources. The facts belie such optimism. The patterns are so firmly established that recent agricultural breakthroughs in the poor countries *reinforce* the trends outlined above.

When grain "surpluses" have occurred as a result of the Green Revolution, the poor countries have been advised to use the "excess" capacity to develop a livestock industry for export. Quotation marks enclose "surplus" and "excess" because these terms mean neither that everyone has enough to eat nor that grain is left over. What they mean is that, given the present social structure in the poor countries, the indigenous populace cannot afford to buy its own grain.

The alternative to exporting meat to the protein-glutted rich is to change radically the social structure, so that the increased production could be consumed at home. But the major planning bodies in the rich countries and U.S. investors can hardly be expected to push for that. A twenty-one nation European commission on livestock problems stated recently that Africa has "wide potential as a beef supplier" and foresaw "the day when Africa could help alleviate an ever-growing beef shortage [*sic*] in Western Europe."

Thus the development of current land-use patterns and agricultural trade in the West has been guided more by concern for profit than for fulfilling the world's nutritional needs. Food trade does not help to balance, but grossly exaggerates, the inequities in world protein distribution. Let's not fool ourselves by laying all the blame on "overpopulation," lack of "development" or "agricultural limitations." With protein flowing from the poor to the rich, it should surprise no one that most of the world is hungry. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Prophet of 'The American Century'

LUCE AND HIS EMPIRE. *By W. A. Swanberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 529 pp. $12.50.*

PETER ROWLEY
Mr. Rowley, an English critic and writer living in New York City, is the author of New Gods in America.

In this long, sometimes brilliant biography, the most surprising revelation is the contribution of *Time* and its sister periodicals to the acceptance of the rise of fascism in the thirties. Less startling, though equally shocking, is the role of the Luce magazines in the Vietnamese War. And finally, Swanberg makes a persuasive case that by propagandizing incessantly along the lines of *Time*'s well-known political bias, Luce indirectly helped to foster the Nixon Administration's anti-press campaign.

Before detailing these political accusations, I should like to comment on the book as a whole. The first half, dealing with Luce's childhood, first marriage, and the development of Time, Inc. up to the mid-forties, is fascinating. Unfortunately the second half, covering Luce's middle and later years, is less interesting. All of Luce's earlier faults and triumphs are repeated. More important, Swanberg seems to have had minimal cooperation from current Time, Inc. employees, from Luce's two sons and from his second wife. It might have been better to publish this life study in two volumes, the first covering the early years and the second the public positions of Luce and his magazines since World War II.

Although Luce repudiated Hitler in a rapid turnabout when the dictator invaded Czechoslovakia in 1938, Swanberg documents irrefutably the support he gave to both Hitler and Mussolini in the thirties. His principal instrument in this campaign was Laird Goldsborough, the foreign news editor of *Time*.

In a 1934 special issue of *Fortune* devoted to Italy, despite a preamble asserting a bias against fascism, the Duce was called "amazing" and "brilliant." Italy had "patriotic dedication." *Fortune* wrote, "Other nations falter or reel hysterically in search of unity. Italy is calm and united under the emblem of common strength and effort which is Fascism. . . . With uplifted hearts and Augustan pride the wops are unwopping themselves."

Swanberg says of both *Time* and *Reader's Digest*: "Each stressed in its own way an insular concept of patriotism coupled with hostility toward the New Deal, hatred of Communism and some flirtation with Fascism."

When Italy invaded Ethiopia, Swanberg writes, "*Time* applauded this spreading of civilization by Il Duce's bombers and mustard gas. It expressed amusement at the efforts of the crumbling League to apply sanctions to Italy and likened the Italian spirit to that of America during the Revolution." *Time* called the Ethiopians "savage, illiterate blackamoors." The African nation was full of "fleas, flies and filth." Their women were "fashionably tallowed with Ethiopian grease." As for their courage, *Time* wrote, "At the first sound of an Italian bombing plane Ethiopian officers dive for the nearest Red Cross Shelter." Haile Selassie was pictured as "squealing for protection."

After Ethiopia fell, Mussolini made his fifth appearance on *Time*'s cover, and *Time* wrote, "The years have dignified Benito Mussolini, and he has dignified and tempered the Italian people."

However, by this time, according to his biographer, Luce was becoming concerned that "excessive Fascist partisanship might alienate liberal readers," and Swanberg adds that Hitler's "more visible brutality and murders cost him the open admiration *Time* bestowed on Mussolini." Nevertheless, Goldsborough was able to write of Hitler: "Some orations are of definite greatness, and the speech of Adolf Hitler to the German Reichstag was in that class." Swanberg writes, "Hitler's violations of solemn treaties were viewed with complacency ('Even to intelligent Germans it began to seem that the Hitler regime might be useful in getting Germany's necessary international dirty work done')." When the Nazis reoccupied the Rhineland, *Time* noted the Germans' "ecstasy" and especially that of the "apple-cheeked wenches," greeting the soldiers. "But Hitler was a touchy subject," Swanberg says. "The most effective encouragement and support Goldsborough gave the Nazis was by ridiculing the people and nations arrayed against them."

Not surprisingly, anti-Semitism crept into *Time*'s pages. Léon Blum was described as "that exquisitely cultivated Jew and famed rabble-rouser . . . long-nosed, stringy-haired."

It is clear, moreover, that Luce directed *Time*'s policy. By quoting from the publisher's interoffice memos, Swanberg eliminates the possibility that Luce might have disagreed with Goldsborough but nevertheless allowed him freedom to indulge his political preferences. On a trip to Germany, Luce wrote, "The great and first impression I got . . . is that National Socialism is a socialism which works mightily for the masses however distasteful it may be to them personally in many ways."

Although it is hardly news that Luce encouraged American involvement in Vietnam, Swanberg demonstrates that the depth and extent of his propaganda and the fact that he was one of the powerful figures who pressed the Truman and Eisenhower administrations in the direction of intervention in Asia, had serious consequences for American history. All this, of course, was a direct outgrowth of his long enmity toward the Chinese Communists and his love affair with Chiang Kai-shek's regime.

Swanberg charges, "A strong case could be made that America's disastrous Asian policy after 1949 was in large part due to years of Lucepress propaganda." He cites James Reston who said, "Henry Luce is publicizing the hard line and glorifying intervention as a noble principle." And after Johnson escalated the fighting, Swanberg asserts, "No slide rule could measure the effect of the Lucepressure on the continuous enlargement of the war." He details sordid instances in which the pessimistic copy of *Time*'s correspondents in Saigon was altered by the New York editors to give the opposite impression, that of American success.

One of the more disturbing accusations in this biography is the author's assertion that Luce's journalistic standards have helped the Nixon Administration in its attempts to control the press. As Swanberg shows repeatedly throughout the book, stemming from *Time*'s earliest days under Luce and Briton Hadden, *Time* specialized in inaccurate, unfair reporting. Swanberg says in effect that in Vietnam the U.S. Gov-

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ernment merely adopted the Lucean techniques. "In Vietnam American democracy and American journalism found simultaneously the ultimate proving ground of the value judgment. . . . One only had to go back to *Time*'s fortieth birthday blowout at the Waldorf —addressed by both Johnson and Rusk —to understand that the value-judgment method of imparting news was highly esteemed in the best circles."

Swanberg's argument is, unfortunately, not entirely clear at this point. It seems to be contending that the Nixon Administration, with Agnew as its spokesman, has by a curious twist been able to attack the press for various forms of bias, long the characteristic features of the Luce publications, which effectively slanted the Vietnamese news to support Nixon's policy. Swanberg writes, "The gimmick that had proved so successful in Rockefeller Center had been enshrined in the White House, and strenuous official efforts would be made to strip the press of its feeble remaining freedom." Perhaps the fairest conclusion is that the cultural influence of Luce's journalism has been profound in this regard, but that he was by no means alone in exerting that kind of influence on the tone of American life.

Though I have emphasized the political significance of this book, it should be pointed out that Swanberg paints a colorful portrait of Luce the man, particularly in the earlier part. Luce is shown to be a human being with tremendous drive and enthusiasm and at times a quite touching naïveté. The significance of his upbringing in China as an American missionary's son is superbly sketched. Undoubtedly the union of imperialism and the Bible determined the views of his adult life.

For those who enjoy gossip, as I do, there are ample details of his private life and of interoffice politics. The competition between Luce and *Time*'s cofounder Hadden is recorded in detail. Swanberg draws a sympathetic portrait of Luce's first wife, Lila. Clare Boothe Luce is presented in full color.

Luce's business methods are thoroughly treated, and his editorial genius is given its due. Swanberg describes how Luce liked to play "Chinese Checkers" with his top editors: to find the best man for a post, he would pit one against another. The resulting feuds, rebellions and resignations are duly recorded. There are occasional funny stories, such as the anecdote about the time Pope Pius XII was late for an audience with Luce and some *Time* underlings. The magnate growled, "God damn it, Walter, where the hell's the Pope?"

Considering the number of public personalities ridiculed by *Time*, Swanberg must be credited with almost succeeding in an attempt to resist giving the same treatment to the subject of his biography. Nevertheless, his claim that Hadden rather than Luce invented the name of *Time* is questionable. And it seems unfair to say that Luce "clung" to *Architectural Forum*, an estimable but unprofitable magazine. One could also dispute Swanberg's accuracy in claiming that Spain's Popular Front government was "elected overwhelmingly in 1936." Hugh Thomas in his definitive history, *The Spanish Civil War*, showed that, though the government won a majority in the Cortes, the popular vote was evenly split between Left and Right. □

But Where's the Bloody Horse?

THE QUIET REBELLION: The Making and Meaning of the Arts. *By James K. Feibleman. Horizon Press. 240 pp. $7.95.*

GEORGE WOODCOCK
Mr. Woodcock is a historian, biographer and literary critic. He has recently published a study of Aldous Huxley.

I am, as Théophile Gautier once described himself, "*un homme pour qui le monde extérieur existe*," and it is for this reason that I am disturbed, when I read most aestheticians—and most art critics —by their remoteness from art as it concretely is and from one's real perceptions of it. How often does one get a sense, on reading such writers, of the emotions which their confrontations with actual physical works of art might be supposed to have induced? How far do they seem experiencing lovers of art?

I suppose it is the presence of this sense of actual confrontation that makes Ruskin, for all his Victorian shortcomings, more readable today than most of his successors. Ruskin did not lack moral axes to grind, and one does not come to the end even of his treatises most directly concerned with the visual arts, such as *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters*, without being made thoroughly aware of them. Yet we are always also aware of Ruskin as a perceiver, of the actual visual experiences that came to him when he looked at Turner's paintings or studied with obsessive yet careful eye the great Venetian palazzi which the sea is now inexorably consuming.

But Ruskin, one realizes after decades of reading aesthetic philosophers and art critics, was a rare example of his kind. Perhaps Baudelaire had something of the same power to transmit the actual aesthetic experience. Occasionally Apollinaire also. And certainly Proust, Ruskin's finest disciple, who displayed it in many passages of his great novel. But for the most part, reading them in retrospect, one realizes that the celebrated writers on painting are either, like Pater and Aldous Huxley, transmuting a visual into a literary experience—as Pater does in his hackneyed rhapsody on the "Mona Lisa" and Huxley in his eloquent tribute to Piero della Francesca —or, like André Malraux, they treat works of art, and the relations between them, as the skeleton for a great pseudo-philosophic statement about the human condition. Even Herbert Read, to whom the discipline of Imagist poetry gave a certain power of evoking for us the actual feeling of the artifacts he discussed, was not content until he had transmuted his theorizings on art and the artist not merely into an aesthetic, but also into an ethic based on the view that an education in the arts would induce in men a harmonious rhythm of living and bring about a world of anarchy and peace.

It was in the frame of mind these remarks suggest that I approached James K. Feibleman's *The Quiet Rebellion: The Making and Meaning of the Arts*. Would I find here the art critic who would transmit—as after all so many literary critics do—a sense of his experience of actual works of art? Or would I encounter yet another example of the theoretician who seems to pass through the world of art enclosed in a kind of transparent egg like those which figure in the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch, interested yet remote, and impeccably serene from lack of sensible contact with art as a concrete entity? With regret, but not with surprise, I was led to the conclusion that the only artifact with which I would make contact in *The Quiet Rebellion* was the glib and abstract net of words and theories which the book itself constituted. Mr. Feibleman writes with an extraordinary, but for me quite hollow, eloquence on the theory of art and its significance in the pattern of the universe, and on its meaning for man; but one never has the feeling that he has really known the spine-chilling shock on reading or hearing good poetry, or sunk himself with total acceptance in the real and autonomous world of a living painting.

The very tone of the book, indeed,

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is to be found in the key sentence, which echoes the title: "By means of art the artist engineers a quiet rebellion which liberates us from the tyranny of our times, and enables us to glimpse that cosmic sublimity which lies above the more hostile aspects of our existence." This does not sound like the voice of a man who experiences art. It is the voice of a man who thinks about art, and though there is a certain amusement to be gained from following Feibleman's attempts to arrange the achievements of artists into a comforting theory of art's role in human existence, one remains unconvinced because the feeling of art as a conglomerate of the experiential realities of works of art, is not there. There is abstraction all right, but abstraction from what? One thinks of Roy Campbell's thoughts on certain authors:

You use the snaffle and the bit all right,
But where's the bloody horse?

I suppose the escape of that bloody horse is, essentially, the flaw of aesthetics as a branch of philosophy. It is an attempt to put into abstract terms a mass of sensory experiences of concrete objects. Man is not content with experience itself. He has to build something more upon it, to extend it into a theory of universal meaning, as Plato did, and if he cannot do that, and finds the absurdity of the circumambient world impossible either to deny or to endure, then he will try, like Malraux, to use art in order to give man's existence a meaning that stands out in contrast to the meaninglessness of everything else.

Feibleman is obviously a Platonist of a kind, though his scanty references to Plato might not lead one to suppose it. Indeed, one of the interesting facts about his book (which is a series of essays united by his rather simplistic philosophy) is that until almost the end he writes as if no other aestheticians and art critics had existed—though indeed he is often saying things that others have said before—and this gives the experience of reading him a strange reverberative quality, as though one were listening to the author talking in an empty room, a room denuded of people and objects alike.

All this may seem curious, since he is constantly stressing the concrete and material nature of the work of art, and even extending these qualities to the poem and the musical composition. He goes farther, and insists (apparently with no realization that the Surrealists have been there before him) that the artist is not really a creator, as some of the more head-in-the-air aestheticians had argued (not to mention the artists themselves in their vanity), but a discoverer who observes existence and "selects familiar parts and reassembles them to produce a new whole," thus realizing the possibilities, as distinct from the actualities, of the universe.

One might think that here was the beginning of a good, down-to-canvas-and-stone-and-words-and-sound approach to art. Far from it. For Feibleman carries on from the idea of the artist selecting and thereby illuminating the elements of reality, to a point where he sees art, by revealing the connections between all things, becoming a process of reassurance. Let me quote a few passages.

> Art is no substitute for ordinary existence but makes up a kind of commentary on it, and by resting us in another world helps us to bear the ugly and the painful part of our lives. . . .
>
> Poems carry the signs of the correctness of all things both great and small, and with that independence a measure of assurance that we share in their permanent nature. . . .
>
> Through the work of art it is possible to enjoy knowing that the world is a system. In this sense art is the religion of empiricism. . . .
>
> It is reassuring to feel the relatedness of things in time, probably because, since we too are things, the relatedness of things includes us. . . . The feeling of belonging is a good feeling; because of it we are no longer isolated or alien.

This is nothing more than Pangloss

LACHIMAN GURUNG, GURKA FROM NEPAL

Lachiman Gurung, Gurka from Nepal,
Shot a hundred or so men after his hand fell
From the torch-touch-blast of a grenade. He shot
Them for hours, and when the gun got too hot

For one hand to load and shoot—squatting, he
Cradled, set his big toe to triggering it.
The easiest thing about this man to see
Is that he doesn't boast of the spirit

Or fact of his deed, pain, or the medal
(The Victoria Cross). He is proud of a dream,
A returning dream, with the men who fell
When he turned superhuman. In this sad dream

The toothless old grizzled man waves an arm,
The one he lost (later, cut off)—with warm-
Running blood shining, the shape of a hand.
He greets them. "—Love, is what I feel, then. Understand.

"I was not expecting anything, I
Was not brave, but when I saw my friends die,
And my hand die, I was very, O, so quite
Very angry. 'Come and fight, come and fight,

While I live, I will kill you!' *So, then some*
Japanese did. Now, they are my memories'
Proudest moment—in my dream. In my home
Together, we drink and sing like happy bees!"

In the newspaper, I read this. And there
Was a picture of him, too. He has a rare
Clear-eyed look I cannot give a name—
Like burning air, friendlier than a flame.

But an enemy too, is gathered there.
Locked into the dead spot at the center
Of each eye, staring at miracle,
Surrounded by that sunny wishing-well—

Or, so I imagine, from far away;
Saying much more than a hero would say,
Or dream. His medal gave him drinking-money.
He shares with the gods—and they drink blood and honey.

Raphael Rudnik

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posing as the philosopher of art: cheerful news indeed, but not much to do with those works of art that display the darkness of the human condition, man's ultimate aloneness.

I suppose such efforts as *The Quiet Rebellion* are gallant in the way all forlorn hopes are. For I would suggest that we have to regard critically the double facts, that all aestheticians have failed to present a convincing philosophy of the meaning of art, and that their efforts to find such a philosophy have always led them away from all apparent contact with the work of art as an immediate and concrete object, as a focus of experience. Perhaps this should lead us to admit at last that art and philosophy belong in different realms of human consciousness, and that the philosopher's attempt to trap art in a net of reason is as ultimately futile as the artist's attempt to catch the meaning of the universe in the mirror of an artifact. Perhaps, after all, those are correct who see the work of art as *sui generis*, meaningless beyond itself and the experience it projects and induces, and certainly no kindly light to lead through the encircling gloom. □

AT THE CENTER OF NIGHT

Great boulders drift into the moon
giving their messages in whispers

Love is giving up everything
love is your death
when you least expect it

Of all the night birds
the owl is counting the loudest
his yellow eyes scratch words
into the lifeless stars

In the garden
the body of a man
wears the spirit of the river
his white linens set fire
to the smallest flowers

Tom McKeown

The Faces of Delirium

CELINE: The Novel as Delirium. *By Allen Thiher. Rutgers University Press. 275 pp. $12.50.*

PHILLIP CORWIN
Mr. Corwin is a writer living in New York. He is the author of a novel about Wall Street entitled Getting Out Alive.

There is a lot of nonsense being written about Louis-Ferdinand Céline these days because of his aberrant politics. Those who admire his novels often attempt to rationalize away his undeniable Fascist sympathies and virulent racism—first anti-Semitism, and later a blind rage against the Yellow Peril—by arguing that those despicable attitudes are not really what they seem to be. Céline's detractors, on the other hand—Sartre paramount among them—would consign Céline to relative literary ignominy for his political heresies, or treat his writings as studies in psychopathology rather than as literature. Both approaches are irresponsible. Céline's politics were atrocious, but his writing was magnificent.

Born into a petit-bourgeois family (his mother ran a lace shop; his father was an insurance salesman with a wasted university degree), Céline's hatred of the usurious bankers who made money during World War I, while less privileged Frenchmen were dying on the battlefields, was a textbook example of class antagonism. Not even his own emergence into the professional classes as a doctor of medicine could assuage his contempt for the international bourgeoisie. Yet it was never his hatred that dazzled us; it was his passion, his inner fire.

One of the virtues of Allen Thiher's study of Céline is that he is able to discuss Céline's bizarre politics with refreshing objectivity, and to place them in reasonable perspective in relation to the whole of Céline's life and art. They are not ignored, nor are they allowed to overwhelm. Here is what Thiher has to say about the three anti-Semitic pamphlets Céline penned between 1937 and 1941:

> There can be no doubt that Céline was guilty of anti-Semitism, and at the very moment Hitler was preparing the crematories. Céline's pamphlets are nonetheless an integral part of his work, the reverse side of it perhaps, and they should be read, discussed, and analyzed. Not only do they display at times the same comic genius that animates his novels but they are an extraordinary testimony to the limits of an absolute revolt of negation whose tensions can lead only to madness.

The key to Thiher's evaluation of Céline's political frenzy is the word "madness," for it is Thiher's contention that Céline continually operated in that gray area between sanity and madness. It is what Thiher calls delirium (*délire*); hence, the title of his book. Thiher views Céline's progress, from adventurous picaro to unrepentant pariah, as a series of variations on the constant theme of delirium. Thus, Céline's early novels reflect the delirium of his childhood; *Guignol's Band* portrays the delirium of daily urban life as a ritual farce; the anti-Semitic tirades are a form of political delirium; and the final works assert that history itself is delirious. (Thiher approaches Céline's novels chronologically, and traces in detail Céline's development. He believes *Journey to the End of the Night, Death on the Installment Plan,* and *Guignol's Band,* his first three, to be Céline's best novels.)

Céline spoke of delirium frequently, and his concept of it was paradoxical (actually Dionysian, in the Nietzschean sense). It was both the true face of reality and the only reprieve from reality. In Thiher's words: "*Délire* is both the detested madness that destroys and a temptation that offers escape from the truth—the excruciatingly physical truth of death that Ferdinand sets forth in [the] overture [to *Death on the Installment Plan*]." Or, as Thiher remarks elsewhere: "Céline's novels present extended travels into the delirium of men, things, history, of existence itself. Madness is his favorite metaphor to explain the nature of being. Hallucination is his favored mode of perception."

So far, so good. Yet Thiher's emphasis on Céline's *délire* is necessarily selective, and therefore de-emphasizes other considerations. In particular, there are two factors which Thiher, while aware of them, does not weight sufficiently. One is physiological, the other historical.

Louis-Ferdinand Destouches (his mother's maiden name had been Céline) lived most of his adult life with physical disabilities. They worsened as he aged. It would be virtually impossible to believe that they did not in some way embitter him, particularly since he was such a sensualist. In 1914, during World War I, Céline was severely wounded by shrapnel. The French Government awarded him a 75 per cent disability pension. While it appears that Céline did not then or later undergo the trepanation he constantly alluded to, he did in fact lose the use of his right arm for life and may have been injured in the ear as well. Certainly his persistent references to buzzing in his head and to his chronic insomnia (with his habitual irony, he once told an interviewer that if he had ever been able to sleep at night he never would have written a word, since he did all his writing at night) are too vigorous to be ignored. He was a serious casualty, physically as well as spiritually, of World War I.

There are also strong indications that in 1916, while filling a French Govern-

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ment post in the Cameroons, Céline contracted malaria, and that it stayed with him for years afterward. Throughout his life he complained incessantly about his ills—as much as Voltaire, but with more justification. Toward the end of his days Céline could walk only with the use of canes; to all intents and purposes he had become an invalid, a crippled outcast flailing wildly against an enemy that no longer cared. Physical discomfort was an integral part of his existence.

In the most important ways Céline also reflected the historical dilemmas of his generation. The bleak predictions of Schopenhauer regarding the future of European civilization were punctuated by the guns of August in 1914, and nobody understood that fact better than Céline. ("Reason died in 1914 . . . after that everybody began to rave." *North*). Similarly, Bardamu's horrible experiences in the Ford plant in Detroit, narrated in *Journey to the End of the Night*, underscored the technological dehumanization that tyrannizes peoples of the industrialized world. The bitter legacies of colonialism—for the colonizers as well as the colonized—were eloquently portrayed in that novel—not even Joseph Conrad did it better. Finally, there was the rancorous disillusionment of Céline's entire generation, regardless of its political bent, when it realized by 1939 that the World War it had already fought was only a preview of an even greater holocaust. Small wonder that in the end Céline believed history itself was insane.

The ultimate legacy of Céline, though (and Thiher's book underscores this), was his art. That is what remained, beyond all the political accusations and counter accusations, and beyond all the literary bickering. And although Céline thought of himself primarily as a stylist attempting to transpose the rhythms of spoken language into writing, in fact his unique influence and power flowed directly from his total vision: tragic, comic, grotesque, angry and sensual. There is, after all, no such thing as style in and of itself. There is at best a dialectical relationship between writer and reader, a visceral sensation that great writing produces which makes the author's words seem to leap across the arc of loneliness that separates any two persons, and complete the circuit of their humanity. Céline was a great writer not because he was a stylist alone but because he was able to bring together sensation, thought and expression, in a way that drove his readers to the edge of consciousness and forced them to reassess their most intimate convictions. He knew their secrets before they did.

Allen Thiher suggests that Céline performed his artistic magic in a state of delirium, and that it was Céline's own creative reply to the alternative delirium of human existence. Perhaps. In any case, whenever I recall Céline I will always think of a simple passage like the following from *Journey to the End of the Night*, a passage at once compact and cosmic, and as penetrating as any man sane or delirious could muster: "Death comes chasing along after you, you've got to get a move on, and you have to find something to eat too, while you're searching, and dodge war as well. That makes an awful lot of things to do. It isn't easy." □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

There would be little reason to write about *Dude* were it not for the sidelights it projects on certain theatre "aesthetics." This musical (Broadway Theatre), the first big entry into our entertainment slaughterhouse, is a mishmash of all the devices of stagecraft introduced at little theatres during the past ten years. They spell *avant-garde*, and have already become old-fashioned.

Dude is an "allegory," picturing the birth of man in the person of a black child born of two white actors (a touch of "integration"), and his fall and subsequent redemption through love brought about by numerous musical combos from hillbilly fiddles to the smear and bang of rock. The music is by Galt MacDermot, the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni, authors of *Hair*. MacDermot's music consists of what may have originally been rather pretty tunes, but their elaboration for colossal production suffocates them as surely as it deprives the lyrics of intelligibility. The book is virtually nonexistent.

There is an "environmental" setting: it encompasses us. The central area, or main stage, occupies the space where the orchestra seats are usually situated: it is a circle covered by straw matting. This approximates a theatre-in-the-round arrangement. The audience closest to the circle where the narrative is enacted sits fore and aft of the performers in an area called the Trees. The first tier above the circular stage is referred to as the Foothills and above that is the Mountains. Much of the show is sung, hung and shouted among the Trees, as well as between the Foothills and the Mountains. Display is everywhere. This allows for what has come to be known as audience participation—with a resemblance, in this instance, to a block party. Above the main playing area is a florally bedecked steel scaffold, through which God (dubbed no. 33) and the Devil descend on swings or are hoisted into a hole in the dome of the theatre which is Heaven. There is a large cast, including black and white children. The instrumentalists are located in whatever free space is available. There is enough lighting apparatus to illuminate several city streets.

Bold and adventurous Tom O'Horgan has been called in to "save" the affair, which had begun rehearsals under a different director. Since the spectacle lacks basic coherence, O'Horgan fills every moment with stage "business," movement and ornament. Something is always going on. The paradox of this effort is that it produces not so much bewilderment as boredom; instead of exuberance, we experience lethargy.

There are some effective voices, notably those of the adolescent Ralph Carter, who plays the young Dude—the show's "Adam"—and of Salome Bey as Mother Earth. But all the singing, as in most musicals nowadays, is miked, an addition to the pollution by sound which poisons the atmosphere.

Another aspect to *Dude* will become more evident as the season progresses: a whole series of "unearthly" plays are to be produced. They take place in Heaven, in Paradise, in the galaxies of the solar system and among primordial beings in the depths of the sea. There will also be manifestations of nostalgia. Confrontations with present realities will be found chiefly among certain foreign plays, revivals and documentaries. Sound realism or mature symbolism is only for those not yet submerged in contemporary chaos.

The perennial turmoil of Irish history is summed up in the last line of O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, when Boyle cries out: "I'm telling you . . . the whole worl's in a terrible state o' chassis!" For all its comedy, O'Casey called his play a tragedy. The "chassis" is even more extravagant in Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*, which is something close to a jamboree. Yet the heartbreak—all too relevant today—is still there. The more hilarious the presentation of the chaos the more painful it becomes.

In another O'Casey play (I no longer remember which) a character prays "take away [from us] the curse of laughter and give us the gift of tears." There are tears in O'Casey but laughter predominates in *The Hostage*. The immanent tears are largely suppressed. O'Casey for a time began to hope for remission from the Irish (and the world) torment in some measure of communism; but Behan, immersed in alcohol, succumbed to hope-

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less mockery, which is a kind of anarchism. Anarchy is finally saddening; *The Hostage* is essentially a sorrowful play.

Parts of it are actors' improvisations. The ad lib quips, devil-may-care songs, precipitous plunges into clowning, topical jibes—all these too numerous and not sufficiently bright in the latest production at Good Shepherd-Faith Church at West 66th St. and Lincoln Center—are part of the play's meaning. The proceedings are a miniature of "revolutionary" folly and human perversity. One is convulsed by the dunderheaded jocularity and wrenched by sudden anguish and disgust. Yet one cannot help but be moved. The very raggedness of the play's method and speech are eloquent of a society in total disarray. Despite, or is it because of, the farrago of farce and violence, *The Hostage* is one of the key pieces of our era. It should be added that through all its raffishness runs a vein of innocence.

Behan's play is part of a repertory of six—*The School for Scandal, U.S.A.* (an adaptation of the John Dos Passos trilogy), Thomas Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, John Saunder's *Next Time I'll Sing For You* and Gorky's *The Lower Depths*—which is being produced until the end of October by the City Center Acting Company. The group originated at the Juilliard School of Drama of which John Houseman is the general director.

I shall reserve comment on the company as a whole for a later occasion and confine myself now to minor observations. There are at least two outstanding performances in *The Hostage*: Dakin Matthews' as the disabled veteran of Ireland's earlier time of "troubles" who now runs a lodging house that is actually a brothel (one never sees any "clients"), and David Stiers' crackpot Anglo-Irishman, half "aristocrat," and half cretinous patriot.

The City Center Acting Company is not the "finest repertory company of New York"; it is the only one. Whatever this young company's faults may be, I am all for it. It is an attempt to establish a true theatre after an extended period of organized study and training. The crucial question is: how long will it endure? □

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

Today, to an extent previously unknown, the apparatus and findings of musical scholarship impinge on the world of practical music making. Some performers, at least, have become aware that a written score rarely conveys all the information necessary for a stylistically intelligent performance, and that errors minute and gross may have interfered with the transmission of even that inadequate written text. Perhaps because various forms of improvisation have assumed a role in recent music, we have come to accept the notion that the establishment of a "definitive" text may not be an appropriate ideal for music of certain periods and traditions. Even where this ideal does seem reasonable, as among the posterity-oriented composers of the 19th and early 20th centuries, it may sometimes turn out to be unattainable because the composer, for personal or psychological reasons, or through the intervention of *force majeure*, never himself succeeded in achieving such a text.

With public consciousness of such possibilities, arguments about editions and *Urtexts* now appear regularly in the nonscholarly musical press, and performers (also record companies) often make much ado about the authenticity, or at least novelty, of their source material. With particular reference to novelty, we frequently encounter performing versions of a work that predate the "definitive" text; these may provide fascinating glimpses into the compositional process, while at the same time serving—perhaps not incidentally—to stretch the standard repertory without imposing unduly on the audience's supposedly limited tolerance for the unfamiliar. The recovery of such earlier versions may also involve a considerable degree of hypothesis (as does also the editing of a work that survives only in a form palpably not definitive). The possibility that first thoughts may have been superior to later ones certainly cannot be ruled out; for example, many pianists draw upon Schumann's first versions in preference to his revisions. But in all such cases, accurate scholarship, clear attribution of sources, and detailed reporting of editorial decisions and assumptions are paramount.

Among the more celebrated works that have been entangled in the thicket of problems adumbrated above is Bizet's *Carmen*, and the current performances at the Metropolitan Opera raise some pertinent issues. Before its 1875 première at the Opéra-Comique in Paris the opera underwent a stormy rehearsal period, during which Bizet modified his score in various ways, in particular by omitting some music. For a subsequent performance at the Vienna Opera, he intended to replace the spoken dialogue that originally connected the separate musical numbers (in the tradition of the Opéra-Comique) by orchestrally accompanied recitatives, but his sudden death prevented this and the task was carried out by his colleague Ernest Guiraud. Since then, the Guiraud version of *Carmen* has been the accepted text, to the almost complete exclusion of Bizet's original, although spoken dialogue is now seen as perfectly practicable at our major opera houses (e.g., in Mozart's *Zauberflöte*), and such similar expediencies as Artur Bodanzky's recitatives for *Fidelio* and *Freischütz* were long ago discarded at the Metropolitan.

The present restoration of the dialogue at the Met, albeit in considerably abridged form, is certainly a gain; as one who has campaigned in this sense for several years, I rejoice to find theatrical confirmation of my belief that it is viable in performance. Furthermore, the fact that Bizet clearly composed the speech-to-music transitions with the greatest of care argues that *his* recitative settings for Vienna, had he lived to carry them out, might well have entailed recomposing some of his original material in the absence of such transitions; this would have been, naturally, a license that Guiraud did not feel able to take.

Beyond this, however, the assertion that the Met restored the opera "as

THE LITTLE TREE
(Translated from the Yiddish by Ruth Whitman)

Between the tree of life and the tree of knowledge,
disguised by thick branches
in the garden of Eden, a little tree grew,
tense and silent,
the tree of conscience.

The first Adam, biting into his apple,
didn't notice it.
The snake knew perfectly well that the tree existed,
but cleverly steered Eve the other way.
From that time on knowledge without conscience
took on a snaky power
and became science.

Jacob Glatstein

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originally performed at the 1875 Paris première," is most emphatically not so. What Leonard Bernstein conducted was substantially the edition recently prepared by a German scholar, Fritz Oeser, incorporating the music removed before that première, but omitting an episode in Act I that, for better or worse, *was* played then (and included in the published vocal score, for which Bizet read the proofs before he died). The validity of this "*Ur-Carmen*" has been seriously questioned, especially by the leading Bizet student of the day, Winton Dean. As far as the "new" material is concerned, the argument hinges on whether Bizet made cuts in the opera under duress or in order to improve it after the experience of actual rehearsal: was he a Bruckner who conceded, at least temporarily, to the counsel of expedience, or a Rossini who adapted himself immediately and enthusiastically to the realities of the theatre? Dean argues the latter, and adduces considerable evidence to support his view that in many details Oeser has played fast and loose with the source material, making "an arbitrary selection from almost every stage of Bizet's work. . . . If [a conductor] performed the score as printed here, he would in hundreds of cases be resurrecting what Bizet specifically—and often for the clearest possible artistic reasons—rejected out of hand." Thus, aside from that initially inaccurate description of what was played, the Met's failure to intimate its controversial nature is disappointing.

Without access to the sources, one can here hardly delve further into this question, save to note that Bernstein (presumably) did modify one of Oeser's more notable solecisms, the concoction of a sequence of musical events at Carmen's death that Bizet certainly never wrote (although the final version of this passage seems to me arguably superior to any of the alternatives), and did some patching elsewhere. What can be considered, however, is the aesthetic effect of at least the substantive additions that the *Ur-Carmen* makes to the work we know.

Most of these are in Act I, and most of them are on a par with the best of the score, for as we have long known, Bizet's invention and sense of color are as evident in the smallest details as in the celebrated set pieces. I am delighted to have heard it all in context on the stage, and yet I eventually became acutely conscious of the length of this particular act (at Bernstein's tempos, anyway, it ran to nearly an hour). Probably because most of the interpolations concern the general ambience rather than the affairs of the protagonists, a disparity develops between dramatic substance and elapsed time. And where the protagonists *are* involved, as in the extended presentation of the "Fate" music following the *Habañera*, the difficulties of staging an extended pantomime (Carmen "exerting her wiles" on José) within an essentially realistic production induced the director to lapse into an exceptional and unconvincing patch of expressionistic lighting. On the other hand, the troublesome duel duet in Act III has been salvaged by a considerable cut and effective direction.

Happily, this *Carmen* production is in most respects a musically and theatrically admirable enterprise; how much of its quality stems from the original conception of Goeran Gentele, the late general manager, can hardly be assessed by an outsider, but whether as transmitter or originator, Bodo Igesz, the stage director, deserves great praise for putting together a show that is generally first-rate drama and spectacle, in something like the appropriate proportions. His handling of Marilyn Horne (Carmen) and James McCracken (José) is especially skillful, for neither would seem to be endowed by nature for such roles, yet both emerged with considerable credit. The attempt to place José centrally in the drama (which included an opening tableau during the final part of the Prelude, showing him spotlighted on a darkened stage) was less than successful, for McCracken was at a disadvantage in the relatively intimate encounters of the first two acts; only later was he able to bring to bear the brute force that his bulk implies and the intensity that his voice can command. Miss Horne, on the other hand, surprised everyone with a canny portrayal that wisely sidestepped the usual seductress clichés; she gave us a saucy, salty, slightly vulgar, vivacious if not beautiful woman who had no qualms whatever about letting the world know what she enjoyed and with whom she would like to enjoy it. Alvin Ailey's lively choreography in the tavern scene worked around her to splendid effect, and elsewhere she was content with a few simple dance steps, which proved more intriguing than all those fancy flamenco routines that past Carmens have labored so hard to master. And, most important, she really sang the music, cleanly and expressively, with particular finesse in handling all those little ornaments that give Carmen's lines such character and fluency; the lesson that the character is in the music, not in the singer's physical endowment and flexibility, could not have been more clearly stated.

Another valuable point was made by the scenery of Josef Svoboda and the costumes of David Walker; in subdued grays, browns and blacks, they allowed the occasional dramatic use of color: the red rose that Carmen threw at José in Act I riveted the attention, for no other tone so intense was seen during the entire act. Only one set was a failure: the mountain pass, figured by a large carpet hanging down in a loop, on which was projected a "rocky" texture. A few visual details want further attention, perhaps: in the intense "Spanish sunlight" of Act I, the soldiers and passersby began by furiously mopping brows and fanning, but thereafter quite forgot their discomfort; similarly, since cigarette smoke curls through the air so strikingly under such lighting, why was one soldier allowed to smoke during the opening chorus, instead of saving the effect for the cigarette girls' chorus, which is all about smoke? However, the contrast with the vulgar display of recent Met productions was nothing short of bracing.

Bernstein contributed enormous élan from the podium, the rhythmic impetus never flagging even in some decidedly slow tempos. Although at the third performance (September 30) there were still some patches of poor ensemble between stage and pit, most of the choral and orchestral work was uncommonly enthusiastic and accurate. Given the emphases of the production, Micaëla and Escamillo found themselves reduced in significance vis-à-vis the principals, but Adriana Maliponte sang with great sweetness and musicality (although her function in Act III was rather ill-defined, for she wandered into the mountain gorge without the prescribed guide, and faded

HURRAY FOR THE CHIEF MINISTER

There are many weathercocks in the city of Mysore
Built by Hindu rajas with French assistance
British dowagers with native labor.
Ravished by Time, malfunction and famine
They have ceased to function,
Except for the one built by our Chief Minister
Which come wind or rain
Always predicts perfect weather.
May all the roosters of the world
Croak, "Hip hip!" for our Chief.

G.S. Sharat Chandra

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into anomalous darkness at the end of her aria). Tom Krause, on the other hand, had every opportunity in the *Toreador Song*, but his woolly, thewy sound offered no auditory glamour to match the visual. Donald Gramm capitalized on his increased opportunities as Zuniga, and the smaller parts were well taken (it did rather seem as if Frasquita and Mercedes had been cast with an eye to making Miss Horne appear as small as possible). □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Fellini's Roma is just that, and presumably we are not supposed to object if a celebrated director decides to use the city for his purposes. But it seems fair to observe that Fellini's Rome looks a good deal like Fellini's *Satyricon* and Fellini's *Clowns*. The law of diminishing returns could be waiting off camera.

For one thing, Fellini seems increasingly obsessed by repugnant human flesh. Though I don't know Rome, I can believe that there is a broad streak of coarseness in the Romans—they have had that reputation for centuries. But there must be someone to show in the city besides obese, sweating, avid gluttons slurping up food to the accompaniment of complaints about their digestion. Fellini has been developing a taste for overeaters.

For another thing, his rhythm is becoming predictable. He works now almost exclusively with "big scenes" that involve huge crowds of extras and, with the help of Dionysian music, drum themselves up to explosions of physical aggression. This device works well for a "chapter" of the present film, the one that introduces the viewer to Rome by way of a major auto route: the rain is streaming down; the traffic charges and roars; strange flaring lights punctuate the darkness to illuminate weird onlookers; an accident is nauseatingly ambiguous; menacingly deracinated faces appear at car windows; sight and sound escalate until a monumental traffic jam spins over into a nightmare fantasy. That is all excellent cinema, though, as in earlier films, Fellini's very own camera crew is shown filming the hysterical progress, thus raising again that pseudo-paradox as to levels of reality.

But then Fellini employs the same whipped-up excitement for two colossal bouts of eating and for an ecclesiastical fashion show (the latest modes in coifs and albs) that attains ecstatic climax in a representation of the enthroned Pope descending *ex machina*, bleached to unearthly purity by sodium light. This last tableau may give the faithful a gratifying case of goose flesh, but I found the anti-clerical whimsy ponderous and irritatingly expensive.

Fellini's arrogance is beginning to compete with his talent. He thinks it would be amusing to recall the neighborhood variety show of his youth and re-creates it almost full length—terrible acts, terrible behavior of the witless customers—as though vulgarity could be redeemed by boredom. Or he decides to explore the Roman subway (under construction these many years because of the delays caused by buried artifacts) at the moment when the tunneling machines break into a magnificent Roman villa. Well and good, if not entirely plausible, but Fellini is insultingly willing to have the walls of this "discovery" covered with the sleaziest imitation of ancient frescoes. Or he has someone say, "Oh look, there's Gore Vidal, the famous American writer. Let us speak to him." Whereupon Vidal looks up from his pasta and spouts some embarrassing drivel about why he lives in Rome, the city of illusions. Or, finally, Fellini ends the picture by hiring some thirty motorcyclists to go roaring through the night-still city, illuminating with their headlights the celebrated monuments that are usually included in the tourist bus package. It's obvious enough that Fellini thinks of Rome as *his* city—something that his power can exploit in much the way it exploited those "old friends" of his, the clowns. Fellini has become a celebrity: that is really what his feverishly colored, dark, heavy and expensive pictures are now about.

Whatever the intention of Henri-Pierre Roché, who wrote the novels from which Truffaut derived both pictures, *Two English Girls* is not the mirror image of *Jules and Jim*. Two sisters jockeying for the affection of a young man do not create an ambiance equivalent to that of two men scrambling for the affection of a woman, and Truffaut, who holds conventional views about sexual roles, is well aware of the difference.

Jules and Jim was a spirited romance, punctuated and propelled by shock; *Two English Girls* is also a romance, but its blood runs cold, and for shock it substitutes sensation. I found it disagreeable in that its alleged passions seemed manipulated from outside, and monotonous because of the mechanical seesaw of its plot development.

The Brown girls, Anne and Muriel, are daughters of an old friend of Madame Roc, and through this connection they meet Claude Roc, who is very handsome, very French and indeed Jean-

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Pierre Léaud. Anne (Kika Markham) meets him first, in Paris where she is studying sculpture, but then he is invited by Mrs. Brown to visit the family on the coast of Wales, where he finds himself attracted to Muriel (Stacey Tendeter). Anne is the outgoing Brown; Muriel, who is acknowledged by the family to be "superior," has weak eyes that dictate dark glasses, is given to emotional tempests (she is the kind of girl who falls like a shattered column on receiving an unfavorable letter from her beloved), and dispenses a suggestion of religious rigor. A large part of her trouble, we learn subsequently, stems from a lifelong, unavailing struggle against masturbation, which information she conveys to Claude in what must be one of fiction's most unnecessary written confessions. That, in part, is what I mean by sensation.

I cannot itemize the ebb and flow of Claude's affair with the Brown girls, which involves a great deal of commuting between Paris and the Welsh coast and so much letter writing that the picture is almost a performer's handbook on the ways of receiving and opening portentous mail. Anne gets to sleep with Claude first—that is, after several days of idyll in a Swiss cabin, she announces herself ready for the supreme experience and he hops upon her with the finesse of an alley mongrel. Since Claude is by then said to be an experienced amorist, I felt it was Truffaut who was in a hurry to get the scene over with. Despite this unpromising initiation, Anne proves to be sexually adept, and before long is accepting lovers in the best pre-1914 bohemian style; unfortunately her career as sculptress and woman is cut short by tuberculosis.

It then becomes the turn of Muriel, who has been suffering tempestuously the while. She permits Claude to deflower her in a Channel port hotel; we hear and vaguely see the throes, and are shown the bed linen, close-up, as evidence (that is more of what I mean by sensation, as opposed to shock). Subsequently, she marries, and in a curiously pointless epilogue, a much older Claude (Léaud in a small beard) is discovered gazing upon a group of English girls in the Luxembourg Gardens and wondering if one of them might be her daughter.

I have omitted some instances of Truffaut's wit, but I think I have not made this tale more morose or unenterprising than it is. Amorous mishaps are not automatically dramatic; the participants have to show some signs of interest beyond their luck at love, and in this case they do not. The girls are both beautiful, particularly since they are dressed in that style of sweeping, tight-waisted skirt and high-necked shirtwaist that was more alluring than are the most provocative of current fashions. Miss Markham and Miss Tendeter also look to be effective actresses, but they seemed nonplussed by the slackness of Léaud's performance. He may be suffering from the worst case of star ennui since the declining years of John Barrymore; it is depressing to watch the ghost of his intelligence and charm.

Bad Company is another collaboration by Robert Benton and David Newman, who brought us *Bonnie and Clyde*. In the earlier film, they turned a sordid episode out of our middle past into an allegory on the American dream; it was good. Now, working from a generalized notion of what our grandfathers' past may have been like, they have produced a bromidic little morality that makes me wish Mark Twain had had the foresight to write them a script.

Drew Dixon (Barry Brown), a good boy who is fleeing West to evade Civil War impressment, falls in with Jake Rumsey (Jeff Bridges), a bad boy who is leading a small gang of juvenile delinquents in the same direction. The boys are long on schemes, short on experience; they get taken as often as they take, and step by step they turn more vicious. Particularly, they learn the hard way from a top-hatted, ironic bandit chief (David Huddleston), who seems to have wandered in from *The Culpepper Cattle Co.* A good deal of the film looks like footage left over from earlier "how-it-really-was" sagas of the opening of the West.

Bad Company becomes genuinely nasty at times, but overall it strikes me as a makeshift by a couple of energetic writer-directors who hope to make good once again by mining America for its legends. This time they have come up with a tale about the loss of innocence that is not especially American and which never generates enough individuality to overcome its structural clichés. □

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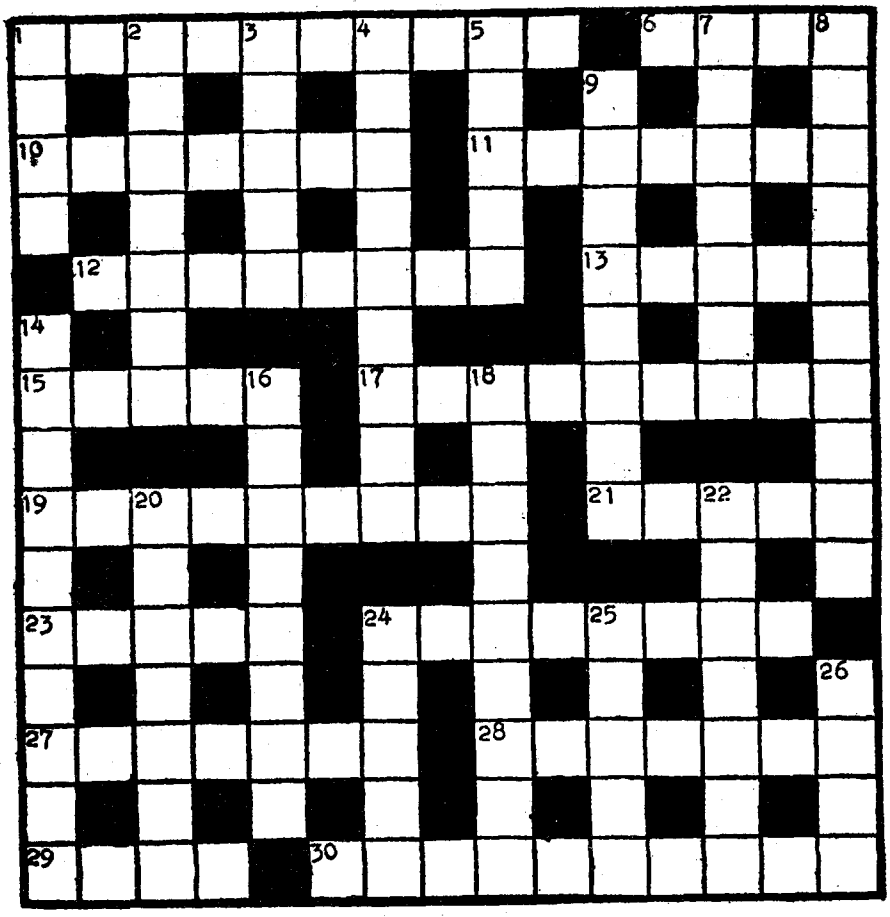
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

6 and 1 across A principle of co-existence is first and last capable of being turned bad. (4,3,3,4)
10 A well-known point of South Africa.
11 Instructs large numbers of swimmers. (7)
12 Do what they learn to do in 11, barely —and make a new arrangement. (8)
13 Fountain in a spot revisited often? (5)
15 It's easy to get help back after getting in this country. (5)
17 Rather promptly sent an opinion given out this way. (9)
19 Craft needed by one who breaks things up? (9)
21 Familiar name for one associated with black eyes or a possibly languid behavior in the service? (5)
23 One of Bizet's women came from this Van Gogh stamping ground. (5)
24 and 27 Fine distinctions imply spirits have relevance. (6,2,7)
28 One of the qualities referred to in 21 are in it rather haphazardly. (7)
29 Got up in bed, possibly. (4)
30 Uprising? (10)

DOWN

1 and 26 down Commonly water makes an early gardener acquire a transfer of property. (5,3)
2 You might consider this a swell answer! (7)
3 Unpopular entertainers have been urged on so. (5)
4 Garland certainly made up in a free and easy way! (9)
5 Is with it after a number of basketball players make a trip. (5)
7 Mangles, in one sense. (7)
8 The area where it's easy to get a seat inside. (4,6)
9 Those who indulge in idle conversation? (Sounds right from the "chilled to the bone" category!) (8)
14 Turn the key on what might be stuffing a vessel, perhaps. (10)
16 It might involve the capitals in a column, having some special significance. (8)
18 If a VIP's ever apt to be confused, it will be by getting completely into everything! (9)
20 Too bad it gets up before morning's greetings from the east! (7)
22 The throne's overthrown, and cut down to size. (7)
24 Indications of what one does with his name? (5)
25 Free from fault. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1460

ACROSS: 1 Circus Maximus; 10 Limbo; 11 Concordat; 12 Gas meters; 13 Syria; 14 Lancastrians; 19 Winslow Homer; 22 Throb; 24 Lazy susan; 25 Minute gun; 26 Alert; 27 Level crossing. DOWN: 2 Inmost; 3 Close call; 4 Sacred cow; 5 Agnes; 6 Irons; 7 Under way; 8 Slugs; 9 Strauss; 15 Sforzando; 16 Rheostats 17 Two-time; 18 Entrance; 20 Astern; 21 Knots; 23 Butte; 24 Logic.

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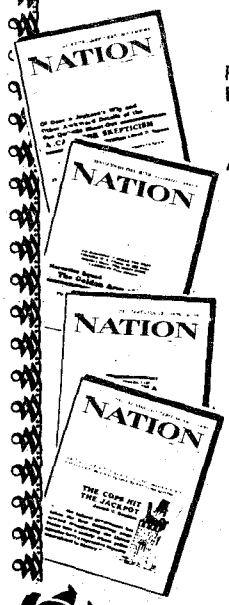

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